In The World Celestial

CLOSED COLLECTION

UNITY LIBRARY & ARCHIVES
"In the world celestial."
CLOSED BF 1261 .B6
0 0051 0019529 5

th brary

CHARLES O. GINGERICH

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/inworldcelestial0000tabl

PEARL

From a spirit-painting obtained through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters, January 26, 1905.

Copyrighted

CLOSED COLLECTION

"In The World Celestial"

BY

T. A. BLAND, M. D.

Author of "Farming as a Profession," "Life of General Butler," "Reign of Monopoly," "How to Get Well and Keep Well," "Pioneers of Progrees, a Dialogue on Religion," and a number of other books.

With an introduction by REV. H.W.THOMAS, D. D.,
President of the Worlds Liberal Congress
of Religions.

FIFTH EDITION

1907
T. A. BLAND & CO.
231 Hoyne Ave.
CHICAGO

Price $1.00

Unity School Library
Unity Village, MO 64065

Copyright, 1901, by
T. A. BLAND.

12-87

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

This is a story of exceptionally wonderful experiences, told in a series of conversations by a well-known and popular author to his friend, who, by his permission, gives it to the public, veiling the name of the real author under the *nom de plume* of Paul. The writer of the book vouches for the integrity of Paul, and assures the reader that the story is true in its essential facts. Pearl is a real character, and the story of the love which budded on earth and blossomed in Heaven is not a fiction, but a genuine romance of two worlds.

T. A. B.

INTRODUCTION.

By Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D.

To science, chaos means cosmos; cosmos means life; life means man.

Prof. Huxley ventured the then strong statement that life is a property of protoplasm. Now, the higher thinking is going further and deeper, and saying that life is a property of nature; that beneath cell life there is crystal life; that rocks and metals live and grow; that nature is life. And we are coming to see and to say, that life, as such, does not die; that it is the one eternally persistent force or power that holds and conditions all that is.

God is life, "the living God," "the God of the living, and not of the dead." The change that we call death is an incident in the evolution of life. Death is the friend, the helper of life; has journeyed with it all the way from

the monon to man. The life substance known as protoplasm does not die; it is only with the coming of the sex relation that life is enabled to rise to higher forms. With this comes the work of death in removing the worn out matter of material bodies.

The universe at center is mind—spirit; man at center is divine; is the child of God. The real, the essential being, does not die. Death is resurrection; rising up out of the body in which the real being has lived. When the material, the sense and sex relations, have served their purposes, life goes forward upon higher planes.

> "They shall be as the angels,
> And there shall be no more death."

We know each other; know everything that lives, as concreted in and expressed through material forms, each having its own body. It is the life, the spirit, that creates the body, and not the body the life.

There is something more and far deeper in the fact of form than has been generally supposed. Suns and stars and satellites are forms; their orbits are forms; the universe is form, and there are the myriad forms of life.

The prototypes of all these are thought forms—mind, spirit forms; the universe, it is the objectivized thought of the Infinite mind, reason, beauty, justice and love. That is the old Platonic doctrine of the Divine Ideas; it is in substance what we know as the ideal philosophy.

Accepting these things as true, we should think of those who have passed out of their material bodies, not as nebulous ghost-like existences; nor as waiting in some "intermediate state" to be clothed with a resurrection body; not this, but as now having form, identity, personality, self-conscious being, and hence as carrying the memories, the experiences, the loves of the world in which they once lived.

And if these things be so, one should think of the dear ones gone, not as far away, but as "ministering spirits," and often walking unseen by our side. Death does not lessen, but intensifies, the affections; the love of their dying is, of all love, the tenderest, the most forgiving, the greatest, for it has risen above the discords and hatreds of time.

It is reasonable to suppose, and certainly not unscriptural to say, that those in spirit life minister to those yet

in the body. There should, in thought and feeling, be no great separation, no impenetrable wall, between the living and the dead, or those who have passed through death to the life beyond.

The Protestant reformers, to stop the abuses of masses for the dead, limited the benefits of the so-called atonement to this life, cut off the head, as it were, of that upon which such prayers rested. In doing this they unintentionally did a great wrong to mankind; they closed the doors between the two worlds. Nothing could be done for lost souls; their doom was forever hopelessly sealed; and even the saved were far removed from the concern of those on earth. The result has been to chill the emotions, to lessen interest in the life to come and to weaken faith in immortality.

The old theology is losing its hold upon the real beliefs of many thoughtful minds; the larger and better faith and hope of the new is taking the place of the old. And not only this, with the larger knowledge of his mighty surroundings and the mastery of material forces, man is coming to see, to feel, and to fill his larger place in the universe. The power of man has been augmented

a hundred, a thousand fold; steam, electricity and telegraphy have made the once distant and unknown parts of the earth seem near and common. And one now knows that the universe is one—"the one Being;" and that all suns and systems are composed of the same elements and governed by the same great laws.

In the occult world we are finding that hypnotism, clairvoyance and telepathy are facts. The unseen world is nearer and more real; not only is wireless telegraphy a fact, but we may send thoughts to those far away; and all this is making more common and real the idea of the possible communion of earth with heaven.

The venerable and learned Dr. Nash, of the Methodist Church, told me, twenty-five years ago, that the time was not distant when it would be no more strange for people to say they had met persons from the other world than that they had seen some one return from a journey to Europe or Asia.

The facts of impositions and abuses must be regretted; that many simple minds are deluded may be confessed, but these things should not blind our vision to the real. We should walk the earth with reverent feet and with

minds and hearts open to impressions, to voices and visions from the unseen world; but it may not be wise—I think it is not—to try to force open the doors. Not all have "the same gifts of the Spirit," hence what is plain, real to one, may not be to others. Each soul must walk by the light that is given; must journey over its own path from cradle to tomb. Nor, are we called upon to doubt or deny what is real to others, so long as it is within the bounds of the probable and in harmony with the good. On all subjects we should gladly wait and hope for more light; live each day the best we can, and then, in a great trust, fear not the night, but go to the better day just beyond.

This beautiful story will help to give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the sun lit clime of the world celestial.

That this story is in substance true the author believes, and those who have known him longest and best esteem him most for his high intellectuality, integrity and nobility.

H. W. Thomas.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The record of experiences given in this book would have been regarded as a romantic fiction half a century ago; indeed, such a narrative would have taxed my own credulity to the utmost then. There are those in this age who cannot accept it as a realistic narrative, but a large and growing number of people, and they the most thoughtful and cultured, will be able to accept it as true, and to many others it will be given a place within the realm of the probable. The lines once so clearly drawn between the marvelous and the commonplace are disappearing, and the truths of this age transcend the fictions of former eras.

Science is no longer limited to the cognition of physical facts, but is extending its explorations into the realm of the occult. The question of the ancient Persian sage, "If a man die shall he live again?" is now answered in the affirmative, by modern savants. The

natural and the supernatural are found to belong to the two kingdoms, designated the physical and the spiritual. Religion and science are finding a common basis of facts. The one recognizes the universal reign of natural law, and the other the superiority of spiritual forces over physical. The law of etheric vibration explains organic life, not only on the planets, but in the interstellar spaces also. That nature abhors a vacuum is an old adage of science; yet the vast space between the planets has, till very recently, been regarded as a vacuum, or at least, an unexplored region. When it is considered that this vast realm occupies space so great that in comparison the suns and planets are as insignificant as the motes that float in the air we breathe, the question, What does it contain? becomes of immense importance. That question is answered in this book. True, the reader may doubt the correctness of the answer, but why should he? We accept the statements of astronomers in regard to the planets, though no one claims to have visited any planet save the one on which he lives, while there are many who claim to have been privileged to visit portions of that celestial realm which lies within, yet beyond, the

range of mortal vision. Paul, the greatest of the Christian writers, says he visited the third heaven on one occasion. Emanuel Swedenborg gave the world a most interesting account of his personal observations in the heavens and the hells of the spirit world. His eminence as a scientist and philosopher, and his unimpeachable character for veracity compelled the learned men of all classes to give respectful attention to Swedenborg's account of what he saw and heard in that world where dwell the so-called dead.

During the past half century hundreds of person of good reputations for veracity have claimed to have visited the spirit spheres. The geography of the earth is an interesting branch of learning, hence explorations of daring travelers, who penetrate the jungles of Africa, or the frozen regions of the Arctic circle, have a wonderful fascination. The efforts of astronomers to give us some knowledge of Mars and other planets in our solar system excites still larger interest in the minds of intelligent persons. Few of us have any personal interest in Africa or Mars. We do not expect to emigrate to either. If we did contemplate becoming residents, our interest in

the geography of the country, and its political, social and religious institutions would be very great. Why should we not desire to learn all that we can about that world to which we must go, *nolens volens,* within a few years at the farthest? That country where our kindred and friends who have passed from earth now have their home. We do desire reliable information about that world. This desire is the basis of all religions. In all ages prophets and priests have kept the heart of humanity from sinking under earthly burdens and sorrows, by stories of a better world which lies beyond the tomb. In the infancy of the race that realm was not far away, and those who had left the earth and had taken up their abode there often returned to comfort and guide those left behind. Those spiritual beings were worshiped as gods, and their communications were given through mediumistic men, called prophets. As the world grew in knowledge of earthly things the revelations of living prophets began to be discredited, and the priests formulated religious creeds out of their interpretations of the teachings of prophets long mourned as dead. Religion

came to rest upon historic records instead of current revelations.

The chief mission of Jesus the Christ was to re-establish direct communion between heaven and earth, and to overthrow the dogmatic priesthood for having displaced the living truth of God by the traditions of men.

The present age is witnessing a renascence of Christianity. The prophet of Nazareth is to-day a mightier power in the world than when he wandered over the hills of Palestine and broke the bread of life to the common people on the shores of Galilee. Jesus taught by parable almost wholly. Like the modern novelist, he clothed truths in raiments of fiction, and he is an inspiration to our most popular writers. There is more of the gospel of Christ in Elizabeth Stewart Phelps' novels than there is in the theological works of her distinguished father. She is a prophet, while he was a priest.

This book is not a novel, in the ordinary sense, being largely a record of actual experiences. It is of minor importance, however, whether the reader classes it with books of facts or works of fiction, the purpose of the editor will be achieved in either case.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

Yes, I was once in love, and as you have asked me to do so, I will tell you the story of my one romance. I was a rustic boy of fifteen when I met my fate, in the form of a village girl of twelve, with hair like the sunshine, eyes as blue as the sky and cheeks that rivaled the wild rose. Her name was Pearl, and I thought it a most appropriate cognomen. My mother was very fond of Pearl, and would sometimes bring her home with her when she visited the village. On one of those accasional visits to mother, Pearl brought with her a copy of Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" to read to me.

We wandered out to the orchard on a lovely afternoon in June, and, seating ourselves 'neath the shade of an old apple tree, we spent two golden hours reading, talking and dreaming.

I thought the story charming, but the charm of it was greatly increased by the situation in which I found myself, and by the voice of the reader, and as she read the words:

"We'll have no friends but lovers, read no books but books of love, and when night comes, we'll wonder which star shall be our home when love becomes immortal."

I imagined myself another Claude Melnott, making love to one far more beautiful than Pauline. Memories of that June day and of that scene are the sweetest and saddest of the reminiscences of my romantic boyhood. I have treasured them in my bereaved heart as my one sacred romance, which filled my life with glad hopes while it lasted, and left it shrouded in gloom when it ended.

Pearl passed from earth while yet in the early bloom of her winsome beauty. Her fairy-like form was hid from my sight in the old churchyard, and for many years I mourned her as dead.

Oft would I lift my tear-dimmed eyes to the star-studded heavens and wonder if it could be true that my lost sweetheart had found a home on one of those celes-

tial orbs and there awaited my coming. I would hear the echo of those sweet words, "Which star shall be our home when love becomes immortal?" But, alas! it was only an echo, and I would repeat the poet's prayer:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

After long years of waiting that prayer was answered. A marvelous experience came to me. So wonderful was it that I dared not tell it to the world, nor to but few of my dearest friends, lest they should think I had been influenced by hope to believe on evidence which, without that element, would not be conclusive. I confess that I rejoice greatly in the revelation that has come to me, but I resolved at the first not to be deceived, and I know that I have not been.

A literary friend of mine told me of some things he had witnessed in the presence of a world-famed psychic, or medium, and proposed to introduce me to him. I accepted, and we called upon this famous man at his home in New York.

He impressed me as an honest and fairly cultured

man, but not a very profound thinker. At the close of a half hour's talk with the Doctor about his occult endowments and the phenomena which occurred in his presence, my friend and I arose to go. I gave my hand to Dr. S. and expressed my pleasure at meeting him. He clasped it warmly, and as a shiver, like that produced by a mild electric current, passed through his frame, his features changed so much that he did not seem the same man as he said:

"Come to-morrow evening and we will see what we can do to prove to you that death is not the end of life."

He smiled as he released my hand and said: "That invitation did not come from me, but from a friend of yours, but I now add my invitation to that of your friend."

"I accept with thanks," I responded.

At 8 p. m. on the evening named we seated ourselves, Dr. S. and I, on opposite sides of a table in the center of his parlor, and immediately under two gas burners turned on full. We placed our hands on the table and sat quietly for a few minutes, when to my astonishment a chair arose in the air and took a position on the table

just to my left. After a few seconds it arose from the table and took its place by my side.

"It was one of my spirit band who did that," said the Doctor, "and he did it to prove to you that there are forces not reckoned of by scientists."

The table tipped from side to side and arose bodily some two feet above the floor and remained there for at least half a minute, though we both removed our hands from it, when it quietly settled down. Across a corner of the room, diagonally back of Dr. S., but in full view from my position, a curtain was stretched on a cord about four feet from the floor. I asked the meaning of that curtain, and he said: "That is a cabinet for materializations."

I had been told that cabinets were dark closets, so I did not suppose that I should be favored with a specimen of that phenomena known as materialization that evening, yet I was impressed to watch that corner and did so. I was amply rewarded for my vigilance, for about 9 o'clock a most marvelous thing occurred. What appeared like a pillar of smoke, or cloud, arose slowly back of and above the curtain till its top approached

within three or four feet of the ceiling. This pillar was about two feet in diameter and perhaps five feet in length. As I watched it with closest interest it changed into the form of a woman. At first it was but a dim outline or imperfect figure, but very soon it was perfect in form and feature, and I recognized my long lost friend Pearl, robed in what seemed a white satin gown, with a veil fastened by a diamond-headed pin to the center of the crown of her head, and dropping on either side to her feet, which were encased in satin slippers. Her hair was light gold, her eyes azure blue, and her complexion that of a perfect blonde. I waited for perhaps half a minute for her to speak, but as she did not do so, I said: "Pearl, is it possible that this is you?" She responded by a gentle bow and a smile so radiant with gladness that all doubt vanished from my mind. I remembered that when she would smile tiny dimples would appear in her rosy cheeks, and the dimples came now as in the olden days. Dr. S. asked, "Who are you talking with?" and when I replied, "A friend of mine over there, back of you," he turned and beheld the beautiful vision.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "That is the most perfect etherialization I ever saw."

My beautiful friend was not solidly materialized, but only clothed in etherial elements; hence, her inability to give vocal expression to her thoughts. Her form was so light that it floated in the air and swayed with the slight movements of it. In perhaps two minutes the features began to fade, and very soon the pillar of cloud had taken the place of my lovely angel visitant, and slowly sank down behind the curtain and was hid from my sight.

My heart was deeply touched, yet I kept myself well in hand, not allowing my emotions to interfere with the action of my critical faculties.

A few weeks later, while on a visit to Boston, I had a seance with a renowned clairvoyant, clairaudient and trance medium, to whom I was personally unknown. Seated in her parlor I calmly waited for such revelations as she might be able to give me.

"A lovely woman stands in front of you," said the medium, "who says to you, 'Dear Paul, I am your old-time friend Pearl.' Now she kneels to you and places a

ring on the middle finger of your right hand, and as she does so she says, with a smile, 'You and I should have been married on earth, for we are true soul mates, and thou wilt be mine, and I shall be thine, in this land of immortal beauty. I am waiting at the golden gate for you, my beloved, waiting patiently till you shall have finished your work on earth. I am your almost constant companion now, and I share your joys and your sorrows with you. I strew flowers in your pathway to cheer your spirit when the journey of life seems especially hard, and scatter celestial sunbeams about you to brighten your life.' "

"I thank you and bless you," I responded. "The journey of life can never in the future be as lonely as it has been in the past, since this assurance of your loving guardianship, and now that I know that what is called death is but the opening of the golden gate of paradise, I shall not only not fear it, but look forward to it with bright anticipations. I can bear my trials with added fortitude, and strive to so live as to be worthy of your love and esteem."

"You have always been worthy of my highest esteem and deepest love, and have commanded both since first we met as boy and girl in that far away time, and maidenly modesty alone kept me from telling you so then. My lips were closed by the inexorable law of custom, and yours by youthful diffidence then. I dared not say 'I love you,' and you did not utter those sweet words to me."

"It was not diffidence alone that kept me silent, but the fear that your kindness to me was prompted by friendship, and not by that love which overleaps all social barriers and lifts its object to a plane of equality with its possessor. You, my dear Pearl, was a village girl, and I a country boy; hence, I could but recognize you as greatly my superior in intellectual and social culture. I worshiped you as a commoner might worship a queen, and so did not dare to voice my love, lest I lose a friend instead of winning a sweetheart."

"Oh, what a modest boy you were, and how blind. If your eyes could have read my heart you would have known that you were my royal king, my liege lord, and that your love was the greatest boon I could ask."

Since then I have visited many mediums, of various gifts, and nearly always my lovely friend Pearl would be there to meet me and give me greeting and words of cheer. I will not weary you by a full history of my experiences, but if you care to hear further I will tell you of a few of the more interesting of them.

"You cannot weary me," I replied, "for I am profoundly impressed by your wonderful story, and beg you to proceed with it."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

It was some years after my experience with Dr. S. before I again saw Pearl. But being invited to a materializing seance in New York in 18—, I again had that pleasure. She came to the door of the cabinet and called for me. I went forward and asked, "Who is it?"

"I am your Pearl. Don't you know me?"

The light was not strong enough to enable me to distinguish hazel eyes from blue, or to fully analyze her features, but her manner of greeting and the words she whispered in my ear left no room to doubt her identity, and I folded her in my arms and for the first time I pressed my lips to hers.

"I have waited many years for that kiss," she whispered. Then, addressing a lady who presided at the organ, Pearl asked: "Can you play the accompaniment

to the song entitled, 'When you and I were young,' Maggie?"

"Yes," responded the lady.

"Please do so and I will sing it for my friend."

With her hand clasped in mine she sang that song in good voice, and with appropriate action not only, but she changed the words of the poet so as to make it personal to me. As the last note died away she whispered "Good-bye," and instantly sank down and disappeared from mortal sight.

I have met her in such seances many times since that memorable evening. Sometimes she would not be able to do more than whisper, and perhaps but a word or two. Again she could talk in full voice for some minutes. At some seances the light was not strong enough for me to distinguish her features clearly, sometimes the seance would be held in a darkened room, and sometimes the light was sufficient to enable me to recognize her perfectly, but in very light seances she was not able to talk much or to hold her materialized form for more than a few seconds. The totally dark seances were usually more satisfactory than either the half light or the fuller light-

ed, for in the totally dark seance she would appear in brilliantly illuminated robes and talk with me for some minutes. On one such occasion she materialized in the center of the room in the presence of fifteen persons. We were sitting in a circle engaged in singing a familiar hymn, when in the center of the room, near the floor, a ball of light appeared. It was at first not larger than a teacup, but it grew in size quite rapidly till it was perhaps a foot in diameter, when it arose from the floor and instantly changed into the form of a woman of medium hight, whose robe was literally sown with what seemed to be the most brilliant diamonds I ever saw. They were about half an inch in diameter, and there were apparently thousands of them. Those diamond points flashed and scintillated as the purest diamonds do in the dark, and their combined light produced a most brilliant effect, illuminating the form of our celestial visitant till she stood revealed in a halo of heavenly radiance. The witnesses of this vision were spellbound. No language of earth could voice their admiration of the more than queenly woman who had so suddenly and mysteriously come into their midst. For a few seconds she

stood in elegant pose, as if on exhibition, and then she came directly to me, and folding her arms about me, she whispered:

"I am your Pearl, and, dear Paul, I love you, I love you, I love you." Then, pressing her lips to my forehead, she returned to the center of the room and dematerialized. Then the tongues of all were loosed, all save mine. My joy was too deep for words, but the other members of the circle, including the medium, pronounced this demonstration the grandest they had ever seen. A moment later my lovely friend sprang into visible being a second time, and, standing there in the middle of the room, she said:

"Dear friends, I greet you all as brothers and sisters. You are all spirits, but you are clothed in robes of flesh, while I am clothed with celestial robes, having arisen out of my earthly body, which has long since mouldered into dust. In my celestial body only, I am invisible to you, but through the aid of great scientists who have also dropped their earthly bodies, but who did not leave the knowledge gained on earth behind them, but instead began their

investigations in the spirit world where they left off on earth, by the aid of some of these wise men I am able to temporarily clothe myself in a body, and robes composed of earthly material, and thus demonstrate the science of continued life. I cannot explain the *modus operandi* of materialization further than to say that we spirits use the law of chemical attraction in collecting aurol emanations of mediumistic persons from the atmosphere and in molding them into form, and the same law enables us to form the garments we wear from elements of cloth, etc. You may ask where I get my diamonds, and I would answer that diamonds are almost pure carbon, and carbon is an element of the air you breathe, and we know how to make diamonds. but we, like mortals sometimes, wear false, or imitation diamonds. My diamonds are electric light points. It is not generally known to your scientists, but our scientists know that electricity is unformed matter. The sun is a vast reservoir of electricity, and the sun's rays, which are not luminous until they strike the atmosphere of a planet, hold in solution, or, rather, they are composed of various elements of which the planets are formed. The

doctrine of the corelation of forces is true. Matter and force are one and the same. The phenomena of light, of heat, of electricity are results of different rates of vibration, or different modes of motion, of the one universal element. Spirit is matter in its highest form of organization, and the celestial bodies we wear in the supermundane spheres differ from your earthly bodies in no essential particular; they are finer simply and solely because they are formed of matter which is subject to a higher rate of vibration. You are all familiar with the scientific fact that different colors are produced by different rates of vibration of the universal element called ether, and that when a certain limit in the vibratory scale is passed the invisible color is produced. It may interest you to know that earthly vibrations seem to cease where celestial phenomena begin. I say, *seem* to cease, for it is only seeming. The reason why you cannot see your friends after they arise out of their earthly bodies is because their celestial bodies are formed and controlled by a rate of vibration so high that they cannot make an impression upon your optic nerve filaments, which are adapted

to receive impressions from things formed by a lower rate of vibration.

"You may wonder that I, who abandoned my earthly body so long ago, should know anything about recent discoveries made by your scientists. The explanation is that all discoveries originate in the spirit spheres, and besides, we who live in those spheres can, if we will, keep ourselves informed on all important events which occur on earth, and we take great interest in your affairs, and rejoice at the progress you are making on all lines. I must now bid you all adieu, for the power by which I have been enabled to talk to you at such length is waning. Hoping to meet you all on some future occasion, I will say good-bye."

In less than thirty seconds the lovely vision had vanished.

"That was the most wonderful thing that ever happened since time began," said a lady member of the circle.

"I think it very wonderful," replied a gentleman, "but not more so than the formation of our own earthly bodies out of the food we eat. Indeed, after the lucid

explanation to which we have listened, it seems to me that we know more about how spirits materialize temporary bodies than we know about how we materialize our bodies, or how a tree, or even a spear of grass, is materialized. The spirits form bodies from elements which exist in the atmosphere, through a knowledge of the laws of chemistry, while we materialize our bodies from the food we eat, without knowing very much about the laws of physiology, and the tree and plant materialize their bodies from earth, water and air without knowing anything about how they do it. In fact, nothing which occurs in this world, or any other, is more marvelous than anything else. Spirit materialization is marvelous, simply because it is new to us. Were it a common occurrence the novelty would soon wear off. Should the time ever come when those who have arisen to the higher spheres of being shall be able to walk and talk with their earthly friends at will, people will cease to marvel at such visits, but while angels' visits are rare occurrences they will excite our organs of marvelousness."

"That is very true," said another member of the circle. "The first time that I witnessed a materialization

I was filled with wonder and awe. But now I have no feeling of that sort, but view such manifestations without any special emotion."

"I have long regarded the story of the resurrection of Jesus as a myth," said still another, "but now I regard it as probably true. Spiritual phenomena is destined to furnish a scientific basis for a belief in immortality, and thus stop the spread of materialism."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished." It was a young girl of perhaps sixteen summers who spoke, but the voice was a deep bass, not at all like the voice of the girl.

"She is under control," said her mother, "but the voice is strange to me, not like that of anyone who has ever controlled her before."

"No, my dear madam, I have not been privileged to speak through the lips of this dear child till now."

"Pardon me if I ask your name?" said the mother.

"Certainly, you have a right to know. I was known on earth as Bishop H. I knew something of spiritualism before I passed to the higher life, but I did not then understand its full significance and great mission. I

tried to beat back the tide of materialism that was rising, but my efforts seemed almost vain. The scientific skepticism demanded facts, demonstrable facts, while I had naught but historic facts to present. I now see that the demand was a reasonable demand. Thank God, the facts demanded are being presented. They are substantially the same that Jesus the Christ and his apostles presented to the world nineteen centuries ago, and which were sufficient to convince those who witnessed them, but as the manna which fed the Israelites in the wilderness must needs be fresh each day, so facts which feed the faith of the world must be fresh from heaven daily. Those who kept the manna which they gathered one day for use as food the day following found it mouldy and full of worms, so the theology, which has been attempted to be preserved in historic creeds, is stale and dry and incapable of sustaining a vital and vigorous life in those who feed upon it. This is heretical I know; but the heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of the succeeding age. Jesus was a heretic, hence I think I am in excellent company."

CHAPTER III.

PAUL VISITS PEARL IN HER CELESTIAL HOME.

I left that seance room a very happy old bachelor, so full of joy, indeed, that for hours after I had retired I lay in a waking dream of bliss. About 3 o'clock my eyelids grew heavy and I seemed to fall asleep. Immediately I found myself in what appeared to be a vast rotunda, which resembled the rotunda of our national capital building, but instead of the pictures of angels which Brumida's inspired pencil and brush left upon the inner surface of that dome, I saw by far the most lovely beings that I had ever beheld, or ever dreamed of, floating in the ambient air hundreds of feet above me. They were arrayed in long flowing robes, in which were combined all the prismatic colors; in fact, they seemed made of rainbows. These beautiful beings were moving slowly and gracefully in circles, passing

and repassing each other, and bowing and smiling as they passed.

"This must be heaven," I said to myself, "and if so, I must have passed out of my physical form while asleep."

"Yes, my dear Paul, you are in the third heaven, but only as a visitor."

It was the voice of my beloved, and on turning my eyes to the right they were gladdened by the sight of a beautiful form and lovely features, which were both strange and familiar. There stood the bonnie, sweet sonsie lassie I had loved in the olden time, transfigured into an angel of such celestial grace and beauty as to beggar all my powers of description.

"Pearl, my beloved!" I exclaimed. "Yes, dear Paul, it is none other than your little Pearl." And we folded our arms about each other and our lips met in a kiss sweeter than ever was enjoyed by mundane lovers since time began.

"Truly this is heaven, and with St. Paul I can say: 'My eyes had not seen, nor my ears heard, neither had my heart conceived the glory and the joy that awaited

me.' But, my Pearl, what meant you by saying that I am only a visitor? Is not my earthly probation over, my lonely pilgrimage ended?"

"No, my beloved, not yet. You still have work on earth to do. Your task is not finished. There are souls in earthly prisons, bound by chains of ignorance, awaiting deliverance; and you are one of the leaders in the grand army of emancipation. Your weapons, though not carnal, are powerful, and the sheen of your banner and the flash of your sword light up the dark tyrant-cursed places of earth; and your clarion voice of appeal and command arouses the sluggards from the sleep of the ages, and many of them enlist in the army of progress, and join in the continuous battle of humanity against the legions of injustice and oppression. They cannot spare you yet, dear Paul, from the official roster of that army. For a few years longer you can be of more service to humanity in your earthly body than out of it."

"The affairs of earth are in large measure controlled by disembodied spirits, but this is done almost wholly through men and women on the earth. Every pro-

gressive or reform movement originates in the higher spirit spheres, but to make it practically effective it is necessary for the spirits to inspire the brains of mortals with their ideas and with enthusiasm for them You, my dear Paul, are an instrument in the hands of a high order of spirits, who, through you, are enabled to send out their grand ideas and exercise their magnetic forces in the interest of human progress on many lines. You are surrounded constantly in your earth life by a great host of noble spirits, who are all working for reform; some for political reform, some for social, some for religious and some for medical reform. You are an all-'round reformer, possessing a rare combination of mental and moral faculties that gives you great versatility. It is your mission to start reform movements and to enlist others in their interest. You are a pioneer in that great field. You are a teacher of teachers. You sow the seeds of progress broadcast, and others, in whose brains they find lodgment, cultivate them, each in the special field to which he or she is adapted. Your mission and work are grand, and your reward will be great. You are laying up treasure in heaven; be not discour-

aged, therefore, by the meagerness of your pay in the coin of earth. You were brought here for the purpose of being told this, and I was chosen to tell it to you, and having performed that pleasant duty, I will lead you to my home, which is to be your home also when your work on earth is finished."

Taking me by the hand, my charming guide led me across flowery fields and through beautiful groves to the shore of a crystal lake, where we embarked on a small boat, which, as soon as we were seated in it, began to move, slowly at first, but with gradually increasing speed 'till within a few minutes we were moving at a rate far exceeding that of a lightning express train, yet the motion was almost imperceptible. It was the most delightful boat ride I had ever enjoyed, and the pleasure of it was immensely augmented by the presence of my lovely companion, who enlivened the excursion by a song of such beauty and sweetness as to justify my exclamation, "Oh, that is angelic! You were a sweet song bird when on earth, my Pearl, but now you are a celestial songster."

"Thank you, that was very well said. You have improved in your ability to pay compliments as much as I have in my ability to sing. Indeed, I think your improvement excels mine in that respect, and also in many others."

"For the excellent reason, my dear girl, that there was much more room for improvement in my case."

With a ripple of laughter, she came back at me with—

"Oh, you idealized me, and so to you all my girlish charms were greatly magnified, but I am content that you should never recover from your delightful delusion."

How natural she seemed. It was the same little golden-haired, blue-eyed Pearl I knew and lost so long ago.

"The shy and simple village girl,
With daisy drooping eyes,
Like light asleep within the pearl,
As love in her young heart lies.

"A hundred times in meadow and lane,
With joyous steps, we've walkt.
And we shall often walk again,
And talk as we have talkt."

"A very appropriate quotation, and quite improved

over the original. Then you are familiar with Massey's poems?"

"Yes, they were reprinted on this side before they were in Boston. In fact, all the best books of earth are to be found in our libraries, and that includes all of yours, my literary friend."

At this moment our boat reached the shore, and we disembarked and took our way along a serpentine path, bordered by flowers and shaded by trees, whose branches intertwined over our heads. A walk of a few hundred steps brought us to a lovely lawn, in the center of which stood a lordly mansion, with vine-wreathed pillars extending the whole length of a broad veranda occupying the entire front of the structure. The pillars looked like parian marble, and the walls of the building like stained glass of varied colors. It was about twenty feet high, and the roof was flat. The ground area was perhaps a hundred feet by fifty. There was a wide and tall door in the center, and on either side of it there were three large windows.

"This is our home, dear Paul, and there is your mother waiting to welcome us to it."

'Till that moment I had seen no sign of life about this heavenly mansion, but as Pearl uttered those words the radiant form and beautiful face of my darling mother appeared before me, and as I entered the vestibule she folded her arms about me, and in a sweet, glad voice she gave me loving greeting and royal welcome. Then placing a hand on each of our heads, she said:

"The dearest wish of my heart has been granted. Bless you, my children, for you are both my children—my best beloved children. You know, my dear son, that when you were but a boy my heart's desire was that your little Pearl should become your wife."

"Yes, dear mother, I remember that you told me so. It was also my most earnest wish, but fate decided otherwise."

"No, you wrong the fates, my son. Your nuptials were not forbidden, but only postponed for a brief time."

"Bless you, darling mother, for those words of glad assurance. No formal word of love ever passed between us in the olden time, nor since we have been together here, yet my doubts have all fled and perfect faith in the love of this dear girl fills my heart with unspeakable joy.

My happiness would be complete if only I could remain in this beautiful world as a permanent resident, and not as a visitor for a brief time only."

"Thanks, my dear Paul, for that indirect compliment, for you have seen very little of this world, and, besides your mother, I am the only one who has spoken to you since you arrived. But although your stay must be brief, there will be time enough to show you a few things of interest and a few people. And, first of all, you must see our home, so come."

On entering the house I found myself in a large circular shaped room, elegantly furnished, and, to my joyous surprise, I found there waiting to greet me my dear father, my beloved sister and quite a number of other relatives and friends, who had been notified by Pearl, through a system of telepathy in common use there, and which is beginning to come into use on this side of life. After a very few minutes spent in exchange of words of love, we all followed Pearl through the various rooms of the mansion, all of which were large, airy, elegant—luxurious beyond my power to describe. The last room inspected was furnished as a library. Book cases reaching

from floor to ceiling, filled with books, occupied every available wall space. And an elegant library table, a writing desk and easy chairs completed the furnishing.

"This, dear Paul, is your room. I hope you like it."

"Do you mean, my dear Pearl, that you have had this elegant room built and furnished expressly for me?"

"Yes, and paid for it out of the treasure you have laid up in heaven. It is waiting for you, but in the meantime it is not unused. Here assemble those wise ones who inspire you. Here grand conferences are held, and wise plans agreed upon for the betterment of the world, and from here, by wireless telepathy, suggestions are sent which enter your brain and inspire your tongue and pen. I do not mean that you are controlled to speak or write, but that you are aided by suggestions which are in line with your own thoughts, but which would not come to you spontaneously. Instead of your brain being used by some one else, as his own instrument of thought, it is illuminated, and thus it becomes a better instrument for your own use. Negative people only can be controlled, and you are very positive, but also very receptive."

"Why, my dear Pearl, you are quite a philosopher. Do not the other philosophers call you Leontium?"

"Oh, no; that would not be either just or complimentary to the lovely Greek who rightfully bears that beautiful name, and who is one of your inspirers and a very dear friend of mine."

"And is her great teacher, Epicurus, also a member of the charming circle which meets here?"

"Yes, and he is charming. Zeno and Plato, and Aristotle and many others who founded schools in Athens meet here with our modern philosophers. They have established what they call 'The Synthetic School of Philosophy,' and you, my dear Paul, have caught the inspiration and are engaged in founding on earth a school based upon the idea of the unity of Truth."

At this point Pearl said, "I beg to be excused for a moment."

She left the room with a smile upon her face, returning almost immediately, at the head of quite a number of newly arrived guests, the first of whom was personally introduced to me by her, in a manner at once polite and unostentatious, deferential, yet democratic. Leading to

where I stood beside my mother a man of benign countenance and noble dignity of bearing, she said, "Permit me, my dear Paul, to introduce to your acquaintance one whom you have long known through his teachings and venerated as a master, and who esteems you very highly for your wise teachings and heroic devotion to the cause of human progress. This is the renowned Athenian sage, philosopher and martyr Socrates."

Clasping his extended hand, I said: "I esteem it a noble privilege and a great pleasure to meet you, my dear master."

"And I," responded Socrates, "am delighted to meet you, my beloved pupil, under circumstances so auspicious. By the kind request of our charming hostess, I have the extreme pleasure to introduce a few of our mutual friends, whom you have not personally known. This is one of my most illustrious predecessors, Pythagorus; this is my God-like, yet modest, pupil, Plato, and here is my too partial biographer, Xenophen."

Thus, one by one, were the men presented who made Greece illustrious and the era in which they lived on earth memorable for all time as the age of philosophy.

Then, with a smile, he said: "It is now my great privilege to present to you a few of our mutual friends, who had the good fortune to live on earth later by some twenty centuries, hence in an age more enlightened and less intolerant of new ideas." He then presented Dr. Gall, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Rush, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, George Combe and quite a number of other men of progressive thought.

Free conversation followed these introductions, but before this had proceeded many minutes Pearl approached me, leading by the hand a woman of queenly form and bearing, radiant beauty of feature and the noble brow of a philosopher. "This, my dear Paul, is my friend, Leontium, who is already in possession of the beautiful tribute you paid her in complimenting me. I am sure that when you come to know her personally your admiration for her will increase, and that she will fully reciprocate; indeed, she assures me that you already have a very high place in her esteem and admiration."

"I am delighted to meet one whom I have so long and so greatly admired, who, indeed, I have thought of as a goddess."

"Thank you, but are not all true women Goddesses?"

"I bow to your superior wisdom, and remembering the fate of those who had the temerity to cross logical blades with you on the banks of the Syphisus, in the Garden of Pleasure, I should not dare do otherwise, were I so inclined, which, I assure you, I am not."

A ripple of applause and of subdued laughter greeted this speech, and Leontium said, with a smile, "We shall get on nicely, I am sure, for you have evoluted out of that callow stage in which arguments are conducted as mental combats, and so have I."

At that moment my mother came to the door of this conference room and said:

"This is a red letter day in the lives of two of my dear children, Paul and Pearl, and an occasion of great interest to all present. It is an honored custom among mortals to compliment distinguished visitors by banquets, to which their chief friends and admirers are invited. My son Paul is a distinguished visitor, and in his honor a banquet has been spread, and you, his most appreciative friends, have been invited to honor him by your presence."

CHAPTER IV.

A CELESTIAL BANQUET.

The banquet was held in the large central room already described, and was by far the most elegant and sumptuous affair of the kind I had ever seen and the most enjoyable. It would be impossible to describe the *menu* in a way to give you a very clear idea of it. Suffice it to say that it contained neither fish, flesh nor fowl, but consisted mainly of fruits, in bewildering variety and so delicious that no words I could use would give to an earth dweller more than the faintest idea of them. And wines also, which could justly be called nectar of the gods, delighting the palate, cheering the heart and invigorating the brain, but which could be drank *ad libitum* without producing the least symptom of what we call intoxication. Conversation flowed freely during the repast, and although the themes discussed were on a high

plane, intellectually and morally, yet they were enlivened by wit and humor to a degree far beyond anything I had experienced at a banquet on earth. Our most famous wits are vulgar clowns compared to Socrates, and as a story teller Epicurus is above comparison and beyond criticism.

Toasts, speeches and music, vocal and instrumental, followed in due order. You will smile when I say that the old Athenian stoic, Zeno, is the most charming toastmaster I ever saw, but I assure you that the stern austerity which he exhibited in his manner, and which characterized his lectures in the olden time, has given place to a genial smile and delightful cheerfulness. Life was a solemn sarcasm twenty-three centuries ago, and Zeno took a very serious view of it then. He has changed his views since coming to be a resident of the immortal spheres. It would not be possible to do justice to the toasts and responses of that, to me, ever memorable occasion.

The musical part of the entertainment consisted of songs, which were so sweet, and accompaniments on harps and other instruments so perfect, that I was im-

pressed that Brannan must have visited the heavenly world before penning his matchless poem. I asked if my impression was correct, and Pearl replied, "No, the poet you name never enjoyed a visit to this beautiful land during his earth life, but he was inspired to give that poem which you have in your mind to his fellow-mortals."

"Will you please tell me, if you can, who inspired him?"

"The author of the poem impressed it upon his brain."

"That is but half an answer to my question."

"I will assume the task of answering the other half of your question." It was Leontium who said this, and as she said it a most lovely blush crimsoned Pearl's cheeks, and I said, "I think I could now name the charming author of those beautiful verses, but I will spare her blushes by leaving the task to you."

"It would be needless to name the author, since you have guessed so correctly and all our other friends were in the secret before. As a penalty for getting your answer before I had time to give it to you, I sentence you to

recite the poem to which we all know you refer, though it has not been named."

"This is truly capital punishment, but I shall perform my assigned task to my best ability.

"There are pleasures the minstrels have never yet sung,
And blisses defying despair;
There are raptures that tremble on heart and on tongue
More holy than eventide prayer.

"There are joys as immortal as life-giving light,
Eternal as blossoms of Spring;
There is beauty as faultless in form to the sight
As fabled Narcissus can bring.

"There are feelings no poet can ever portray,
And faces no artist can paint;
There's a halo of glory far brighter than day—
Devotion ne'r dreamed by a saint.

"There are treasures untold, in the domain of mind,
And jewels no eye may behold;
There's an essence more viewless and subtle than wind—
More precious than silver or gold.

"There's an ideal world where the glories of earth
Are never o'er burdened with clay;
Where genius exults in its God-given birth
Throughout a perpetual day.

"There the soul bows to beauty's all-conquoring shrine,
And harps its wild songs on the air
With an ecstacy revels in raptures divine
And laughs at the power of Despair."

The applause which followed was more a compliment to the author than to the reader, and Leontium emphasized her appreciation by placing a laurel crown upon the brow of our poetic hostess, who bore her honors with a modest dignity which was most charming.

Bowing before our poet queen, I said: "My dear Pearl, I have always prised that poem very highly, indeed, I have held it to be equal, if not superior, to any other I have ever seen. But its value to me is immeasurably enhanced by the delightful revelation that you are the real author. Henceforth you are my poet laureate."

"She is our laureate," said Leontium.

"No, I protest," said Pearl. "Leontium is our laureate."

"I was, my dear Pearl, 'till with my own hands I placed the laurel on your fair brow."

"You are both Queens of Song, and so we have two

poets laureate." It was Epicurus who spoke, and the applause which greeted his words proved that he had voiced the unanimous sentiment of the circle.

Pythagarous now arose, and, with a glass of ruby wine in his hand, he said:

"If you will all fill your glasses, we will close this delightful banquet with a farewell toast to our dear friends, Pearl and Paul."

The entire party, except the hostess and her special guest, filled their glasses, and rising, stood with them poised in their right hands, while the venerable philosopher gave his toast.

"To our lovely, talented and cultured hostess, whose poetic genius and philosophic insight are excelled only by her integrity of character and her noble charity; and to our very dear friend, her special guest, in whose honor we are assembled, and with whose noble career, as a self-sacrificing, heroic and intelligent reformer, we are all familiar, whose labors in the various fields of human effort have already done great good and are destined to prove a mighty force through the endless cycles of eternity, and whose greatest work on earth awaits his return

from this visit; to our honored co-worker and beloved friend, Paul, who is eminently worthy to bear that distinguished name, not only, but to wear the mantle of the great apostle to the gentiles. To both of these dear friends we drink this libation."

Pearl now arose, and offering her hand to Paul, led him to a place at the right of Pythagorus, and with a reverential bow to that great philosopher and a polite inclination of the head towards her other guests, she made response.

"I could not decline to acknowledge such a tribute as my venerated master has paid me, and which you, my friends, have so generously approved. The appreciation of those we esteem is essential to our happiness; it is the bread of life to the soul. It differs from the applause of the vulgar mob as genuine coin differs from the base counterfeit. I thank you, my dear teacher, and you, my esteemed friends, on my own behalf, but still more do I thank you for your generous and just expressions of appreciation of my life-long friend, who, as you all know, is to me more than a friend. There is a tie that binds hearts together closer than any other can—a love so

fervid that it fuses them into one. The poet who penned the lines——

> "'Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one.'

"Wrote wiser than he knew. Souls thus united are so close together as to make it impossible for a selfish thought to cleave them asunder. In such case each is wholly dominated by the earnest purpose to promote, by every possible means, the best good and highest happiness of the other, while together they, with singleness of purpose, devote their united energies to the best good of humanity as a whole. You, my friends, know that such unions exist on earth, but not as a universal rule, as in this higher sphere. There fleshly ties and selfish interests unite many in what is called the holy bond of matrimony whose souls have but little in common. Such unions are temporary. Some of them are dissolved by divorce courts of earth, and the others by the decrees of the court of heaven, and from the decisions of that court no appeal is possible, nor in any case desirable.

"Mother has pronounced this a red letter day. I accept her designation of it. Paul and I were lovers when but children and before we knew the meaning of the word love. We only knew that we were happy when together, and so we sought every opportunity possible to enjoy each other's society. Together we wandered over the sunlit fields, or through the shady groves, or we sat amid the sweet scented clover, under the orchard trees, in silent communion with nature and with each other, or beguiled the hours with stories of other lovers. But never in all those days in Eden did Paul utter the sweet words, "Pearl, I love you." His lips were sealed by boyish timidity, until my ears were closed by the cold fingers of death. Whittier has truly said:

"'Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, It might have been.'

"Our earthly romance ended in a tragedy, the curtain was rung down and the lights turned off. For many long years you, my dear Paul, my boy sweetheart, dwelt in the shadow of a sorrow which cast a gloom over your life. My heart bled for you, and tears of loving sym-

pathy often gushed from my eyes; yet I rejoiced in the fact that with heroic resolve and earnest devotion you took up your cross and bore it bravely, unfalteringly, up the rugged steps of time, 'till from the vantage ground of science and the heights of philosophy the headlands of Immortality had begun to loom before your enlarged vision. During all those years I was by your side. I climbed the heights with you, as your loving companion, fellow-student and earnest co-worker. I could see afar the beatific hour when every bud of lofty aspiration would blossom into flower. I strove to cheer you with my hope and faith and love, and my efforts did not wholly fail; yet they did not succeed to my full satisfaction. You were a scientist, a philosopher, a reformer. Your intellect and your moral sense were highly developed, but your spiritual was not. I was obliged, therefore, to present proofs of my presence and of the general fact of continued life, in the form of objective phenomena. I had great difficulty in overcoming your prejudices against such phenomena, but with the aid of your mother and other mutual friends, I at length succeeded. Once enlisted in this field of inves-

tigation, you pursued it with your characteristic ardor, and one result was the rapid unfolding of your psychic powers. I watched your progress in this line 'till the time came that, under the direction of wise spirits, you could safely leave your physical body for a brief time and visit your future home and your arisen friends. I beg your pardon, my friends, but it seemed to me a fit time to say these things to my friend and guest."

"You need offer no apology for an utterance which has been at once eminently appropriate and highly interesting," responded Pythagorous, "and now we shall be more than delighted to hear from our friend Paul."

"I esteem it a privilege, the rarest I ever enjoyed," said Paul, "to be asked to speak to an audience at once so distinguished and so indulgent, yet I confess to some embarrassment in attempting to respond to words of appreciation from a man who, in the world from whence I came, has long been honored and reverenced as one of the greatest of those immortal philosophers, who not only made Athens famous for all time, but whose wise teachings have been an inspiration to the world at large for more than twenty centuries, and on which all correct

systems of modern thought rest. And when I consider that my audience comprises such a galaxy of his contemporaries and early successors, equally eminent in philosophy, all of whom have been my beloved and venerated teachers, through their writings that have come down to me direct or through their disciples, who have illuminated the dark ages with light borrowed from you, my great masters; when I consider that I stand in the presence of such men I can but feel that embarrassment that natural and proper modesty inspires in the breast of a pupil when called upon to stand before his masters and display his very meager stock of learning in his callow manner. I am overwhelmed, also, by the circumstances of my situation. That I, a dweller on earth but yesterday, should find myself a visitor to this world supernal as a welcome guest of her I have long regarded as an angel and worshiped as a being almost too saintly to be real, and in the midst of men of the most exalted character, of any who ever honored the planet which gave them birth and whose fame has for so many centuries shed a halo of glory over the land of their nativity, not only, but over the whole world. Under cir-

cumstances so extraordinary I scarcely know how to deport myself or what to say, further than to thank you for your great kindness. To you, my beautiful hostess, my charming friend, my beloved comrade of ye olden time, once my winsome sweetheart, now my royal lover, I can only say that words are all too poor to express the emotions of my heart. Your great kindness has filled my whole being with unspeakable joy. God bless you, my Pearl, my darling."

At that moment a chime of silver bells pealed forth a bridal serenade above, and an invisible choir sang, in sweetest notes, Massey's matchless song of love. Thus this unique, this wonderful, this heavenly banquet came to an end and the distinguished guests departed.

CHAPTER V.

A FAMILY REUNION.

My mother, father and sister had been members of the dinner party, as had also members of Pearl's immediate family, and after the other guests had gone we enjoyed a most delightful evening together. I say evening, for although there is no night there, there are alternations of lights and shadows, corresponding to day and night, periods of activity and repose. The talk was mainly of old times—reminiscences of our earth life, its scenes and its friendships. And as we talked those scenes came before us in realistic pictures. I saw again the old homestead in all its rustic beauty, the air was fragrant with the perfume of the clover bloom and the apple blossoms. I heard the song of the lark and the rippling music of the meadow brook. I saw the fields of golden grain ripening in the sun and swaying in the

light summer breeze, and the harvesters, myself, a barefoot boy, among them, at work in the fields and meadows, and I heard the rymthic music of the sickle and the scythe. I listened to the tinkle of the bell as the cows came home at even tide.

"Dost like the picture, my Paul?"

"Like it, dear Pearl, I am enchanted by it. Please sing Woodsworth's inspired song, which seems so fitting for this occasion."

The entire party joined in this request, and taking from a table near her a guitar, Pearl sang, as no mortal could, that most heartsome tribute to rustic scenes—

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

As she sang there unrolled a panorama of the scenes in appropriate order and full size.

Later, other old friends, summoned by thought messages, came to meet and greet me. So the evening sped, and when it was over and the good-byes had been spoken, I found myself alone with Pearl. As we turned back

from seeing the last one depart, I folded my darling in my arms and kissed her—I will not say how often—then seating her upon a luxurious sofa, I took my seat beside her, and with our arms about each other I repeated the beautiful poem, which has cheered so many lonely hearts, but I took the liberty to revise it to make it fit our special case:

> We now know as we are known,
> And never more to walk alone,
> Since the dawning of this morning,
> When the mists were cleared away.

"Dear Prince, how I hang upon your sweet words, but I will not ask you again to describe your palace by the Lake of Como, since we are now enjoying its more than regal splendor, but come, my princely lover, let us enjoy a moonlight excursion on *our* Lake of Como."

"With the greatest pleasure, my lady love, my royal hostess."

Retracing our steps of the morning, we found our tiny boat where we had moored it, and seating ourselves in it, without oar or other visible instrument of propulsion, it glided from the shore. It seemed a thing of life and

intelligence, for it obeyed the silent commands of its lovely captain. It moved diagonally across the moonlit lake, for athough there was no visible moon, a soft mellow light, which reminded me of the moon light Hannah Moore described so poetically, lit up the scene and gave the water the appearance of molten gold. Lazily floating across that tiny sea, in sweet soul communion too deep for words, the hours passed unheeded, and I, at least, took no note of time. At length, pointing in the direction we were moving, Pearl said:

"There in the dim distance lies the city of Philadelphia, whose name is not a misnomer."

On looking in the direction indicated I saw the shadowy outlines of a great city, and a few minutes later the harbor became visible. There were no great ships, but innumerable small boats of different patterns lined the shore, for it was a natural shore with no artificially constructed wharf, but simply a beach of glittering sands and shining pebbles. Our boat moved in and took its place among the other craft, and stepping from its prow we walked leisurely up the easy incline to a pearly gate, which swung open at our approach and closed be-

hind our footsteps, as we entered a beautiful avenue paved with some sort of material which looked like pure gold. Stately trees and beautiful flowering plants lined either side, and back of these stood magnificent palaces. Proceeding along this gold-paved street for a few hundred steps, Pearl said:

"We will stop here and call on some friends."

At that moment the front door of a grand mansion swung open, and to my delightful surprise Pearl's father came out to welcome us to his home. Giving a hand to each of us, he said to me:

"My dear Paul, I have often welcomed you to my earthly home as a boy of noble character and great promise, I now welcome you to my celestial home as a beloved son, the worthy companion of my darling daughter, Pearl, to whom I need utter no formal words of welcome, for she knows that my home and my heart are always open to her."

I responded in fitting words and then we followed our paternal host into his more than regal palace. On entering I found a large company of my dearest friends, including my mother, father, sister and, to my great joy,

my best beloved cousin, Jo, and my grandparents on both sides, whom I now met for the first time. The truth now dawned upon me, that this was a preconcerted reception to Pearl and myself, of which I had not had a hint. The greetings and congratulations were followed by a most sumptuous breakfast, during which we were regaled by music similar to that of the day before. It was so soft and sweet that it did not in the least hinder the flow of table talk, nor did our conversation interfere with our enjoyment of the music to the full. In fact, as Pearl said to me, those who dwell in that celestial realm are endowed with faculties of the mind not dreamed of on earth, and, besides, those faculties which are partly developed on earth here unfold so perfectly that they are differentiated to a degree which enables them to act independently, yet harmoniously, hence one can listen to music with perfect enjoyment while discussing subjects which enlist and tax the faculties of reason to the utmost.

After breakfast the whole party resolved itself into a committee of escort and proceeded to show me the city. Before starting my maternal grandfather, who held the

highest official position in the city, that of President of the Executive Council, gave me a brief history of the city.

"This city was founded by Zoroaster about 5,700 years before the present era, and that great statesman, philosopher and prophet was the patriarchal ruler of it for one thousand years, when, after choosing a worthy successor, he took up his permanent residence in a higher sphere of life and usefulness. The government was patriarchal, or what on earth is called an absolute monarchy, but as the ruler was a wise and just man, the people rendered loving obedience to his laws and were contented and happy. The fourth successor to the illustrious founder was a renowned prophet, socialogical and moral reformer, who remodeled the government, converting it into a communistic democracy. Since then the people have made the laws, or such changes in them as seemed desirable, through what you call the initiative and referendum. A legislative council is chosen by the adults of both sexes, whose duty it is to formulate in proper shape such new laws or amendments to old laws as are presented to them by not less than one-fifth of

the adult citizens, and to refer proposed laws to another body called the executive council, which, through its President, by proclamation, refers them to the people at large for their approval or disapproval, a two-thirds majority being required to adopt an act."

"Do you have law courts and lawyers?"

"No, the nearest approach to a judicial tribunal is an arbitration board, the chairman of which is elected by the people and the two other members selected by the parties personally interested, who act as their own attorneys."

"How are the members of the legislative and executive bodies chosen?"

"By popular vote and for five years."

"What salaries do your officials receive?"

"None save the honor and pleasure of being deemed worthy to serve their fellow-citizens."

The party now ascended to the roof of the palace, where they took seats in an air ship, which arose slowly to a height of three hundred feet, when it sailed eastward, at a speed of perhaps twenty miles an hour. Our aerial autocar moved with a steady motion, under the

mental control of our guide, and thus we were enabled to get a bird's-eye view of the city, which was not only the most beautiful city I had ever seen, but much larger. There were no solid blocks of buildings, but each house occupied a separate lot, with stately trees, beautiful lawns and lovely flower beds on all sides of them. The streets were four hundred feet apart and each extended the entire length of the city, from north to south or east to west, and they were all of the uniform width of twenty feet. There were but few public buildings, and they were libraries, art galleries, universities, theaters, and, in the exact center, an immense auditorium, where public lectures were given. This we visited. Here the most eminent men and women of all times and countries hold forth on their varied themes on occasion. Every hour is occupied by some one who has something to say which is worth hearing.

Zoroaster still visits the city occasionally, and lectures to the people. His lectures would be classed as sermons if given in an earthly church, for he was, and still is, a religious philosopher.

The public journals, which are edited by the professors and issued from the universities, contain full reports of these lectures. Our party entered the auditorium just as Dr. Benjamin Franklin concluded a lecture on electricity as an agent in psychic phenomena. By reference to the program, we learned that Benedict Spinoza would occupy the next hour. I expressed a wish to hear him, and the entire party readily consented to remain and listen to that renowned Pantheistic philosopher. The temptation is strong to give you that lecture in full, but I will content myself with a brief abstract of it.

"There is but one fact in existence, or, to put my thought in another form, the universe is a unitary fact, and that all comprehensive, all including, infinite fact I recognize as God. I know no better name for it. When I first presented this definition of Deity to the people of earth, two and a half centuries ago, I was denounced as an atheist by the priests, while the scientists pronounced me a theological lunatic. I felt confident that time would vindicate me, and I have not been disappointed. Monism is now the basis of both science and theology

among the more enlightened peoples of earth, as well as in the celestial spheres.

"In the higher spheres it is accepted by all, so I am informed by Zoroaster, Plato and my beloved elder brother, the renowned Nazarene; also by others who rank me in age and wisdom.

"The universe is an organic being of infinite proportions and limitless possibilities. It is all comprehensive, embracing all of power, all of wisdom and all of love.

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul,

"Said Pope. The physical phenomena of Nature is in his conception distinct from the essential element, in which lies the potency which gives life and motion to physical or objectivised phenomena. His conception is higher and nearer the truth than that of the orthodox Hebrew, Pagan or Christian, yet it is but an approximation to the full orbed truth.

"Paul, who, like myself, is a son of Benjamin, gets much nearer the true idea in his oft-quoted, but rarely comprehended, sentence—

" 'In whom we live and move and have our being.'

"What earth dwellers recognize as substance is but trancient phenomena, shifting shadows of real substance. The substantial is invisible and intangible to mortals. This is the real world, that from whence we came is as unreal as the changing scenes of a kaleidoscope."

The lecture was most interesting, but to me the chief interest centered around the personality of the speaker. To see and hear a man who lived his brief life and disappeared from earth almost two centuries before I was born, and whose writings I had long held in high esteem, was exceedingly gratifying to me.

On concluding his discourse he came directly to our party, and to my most agreeable surprise, he grasped my hand and assured me that he had known and esteemed me for many years and that he had on occasion aided me in my philosophic writings.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONGRESS OF CELESTIAL STATESMEN.

On leaving the auditorium our party accepted an invitation to dine with our guide, at his palatial home, situated but a short distance from there. On our arrival I had an additional proof that the celestial world is a land of surprises, for on being ushered into the large and elegant reception parlor I found myself in the presence of a large assembly of eminent statesmen, representing every country and race on the planet earth.

My grandfather gave me his arm and led me to the upper end of the room, when we turned and faced the distinguished personages, who at once formed in line and marched past where we stood, and I was introduced to each in turn. These men and women—for there were a few women—members of the Parliament of Na-

tions, represented their respective countries in the Federation of the World.

Tennyson's poetic vision, while but a prophecy of earth, is a reality in the spirit world. At the close of this ceremony the party proceeded to the banqueting room, which both in capaciousness and elegance surpassed my most vivid imagination of such a room.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, as President of the Parliament, or Congress, for it bore the latter name, took a seat at the upper end of the center table, and I was given the place of honor on his right and immediately opposite to Oliver Cromwell, who sat at his left. The *menu* was very similar to that described in the fourth chapter, hence I need only say that it was above criticism.

Conversation flowed freely during the banquet, and when it was at an end the guests adjourned to the saloon parlor, where toasts and responses were the order for two hours. Dr. Franklin presided and Couvier acted as toastmaster. The first toast was, "The Ideal Government," to which Franklin responded.

"An ideal government is a government which rests upon the eternal principle of Justice. The universe is

under the dominion of an ideal government. Its laws are just. Obedience to them gives freedom and insures happiness; disobedience slavery and misery. That government is the only true model for us to follow. It is not a democratic government in the sense in which the term democracy is understood by the people of earth, or by a majority of the residents of this sphere of the celestial world, yet it is the only government from which a true democracy can be evolved. Theocracy is the evolutionary precedent to democracy. That nation alone can establish and maintain a free government, whose people have become wise enough to govern themselves in accordance with the laws of Nature implanted in them. I use the words God and Nature as interchangeable.

"'He who governeth himself wisely is greater than he who taketh a city,' is one of many proverbs of ancient origin, which embodies a radical truth. I am sure you will all agree with me that he who is capable of governing himself perfectly needs no other government, and when all men shall have evoluted up to that plane, the vision of the philosophic anarchist will be a practical realism. For then all men will love their neighbors as

themselves, and that unselfish, that altruistic, that perfect love, will weld humanity together as a common brotherhood, and the happiness of each will be the object of all, and a wrong to one the concern of all. That is the ideal government, which that great social, political and religious reformer, Jesus the Nazarene called 'The Kingdom of Heaven.' A theocratic democracy, the highest governmental idea I am capable of conceiving, or entertaining.

"Jefferson's great document, known as the Declaration of Independence, contains the germs of an ideal government, but while I accepted it as my ideal then, it falls far below my present conception of true government. The statement that governments should rest upon the consent of the governed is a recognition of the idea that government is something apart from the subject, whereas my present thought is that it should find its seat of authority within him. If the consent is obtained by force, by fraud or by false pretenses, the government will probably be unjust and tyrannical.

"The American republic, founded upon Jefferson's idea, is a very corrupt government, and also very des-

potic. The people consent that laws to govern all shall be made and enforced by men chosen by a bare majority of the citizens. The average intelligence and virtue being low, the men chosen, are as a rule selfish politicians, instead of being altruistic statesmen. The minority party may, and usually does, contain a larger number of the more intelligent and virtuous voters, but under the system of universal suffrage and majority rule the intelligent and virtuous are defeated by the ignorant and vicious, and they have no immediate remedy. Their sole hope rests in their efforts to enlighten the intellectual faculties and arouse the moral consciousness of their misguided fellow citizens. Under the inspirational guidance of members of this Congress, American statesmen are constantly engaged in that work, and as object lessons, and educational centers, they organize parties and lead them to temporary defeat, with the hope of ultimate victory, not for themselves, but for the right."

Other toasts and responses followed, but I will not weary you with reports of them.

The personnel of that Congress was an exceedingly interesting study. Our own Franklin was, perhaps, the greatest statesman among them, and one of the most commanding figures. The French member, Baron Couvier, ranks next to Dr. Franklin, in ability, and he also bears in his personal appearance and manner the stamp of true nobility. Cromwell is a worthy representative of the greatest Anglo-Saxon nation, while, judged by his appearance, Rienzi, the Italian representative, is a noble Roman. The men representing the Indian, Mongolian, Malay and African nations are not in any way the peers of those of the Caucasian, yet they are all recognized as equals in that great political body.

That Congress not only ordains the laws which govern the third sphere of the celestial world, but the first and second also, and it has a great deal to do with the political affairs of earth. The sessions are held annually in one of the five chief cities of the third sphere, which may properly be called capitals of each racial division. The sessions are not limited by law, but do not average more than thirty days of our time. The members are chosen quadrennially by popular vote, and all of their acts must

be approved by a two-thirds vote before they have the force of law.

These facts were given to me by my grandfather, Col. T., who was an officer in the Continental army during the last years of the American revolution, prior to which time he served two years as a member of the Continental Congress, and he has served one term in the Congress of all nations. I had known something of his mundane career, but he gave me many items of interest which were, to me, new.

No titles, military, political or professional, are worn in the celestial realm I visited. Men and women are estimated at their real character value, and honored in proportion to their services to their fellows. The fictitious distinctions of earth are unknown there, and in many cases those of small reputation on earth are highly honored there, while those of great renown on earth are held in small esteem, or regarded with feelings of pity there. The millionaires here are, as a rule, paupers there. There are exceptions, but they are rare. Earthly paupers are not, as a rule, millionaires in that world, however. Poverty is not a virtue, per se. Lazarus must

have been rich in soul wealth earned by unselfish service to his fellows, though not necessarily in any conspicuous field of human effort.

Pearl and I spent a delightful evening at the home of my grandparents, with them and a large party composed of her dearest relatives, and my own, and after a few hours of repose, we again started on a tour of sightseeing. We did not take an airship or street car. We walked. You may smile at the idea of spiritual beings taking a morning walk, but we did just that thing. And why should we not walk if we chose to do so? Spirits are men and women. "There are celestial bodies, and bodies terestial," says the great aspostle, who spoke from personal knowledge, for he had visited the celestial world, so he informs us, in one of his epistles.

He says that he was not quite sure whether he took his physical body with him or left it on earth. And after my interesting visit to the same sphere which he visited, I do not wonder that he was in some doubt on that subject, for I found myself in a body the exact counterpart of the body I had occupied on earth, a body to my celestial sense of sight, as substantial as my physical body.

But lest you find it difficult to believe on the testimony of two witnesses a fact so out of the common order, I beg to call a few others to the stand. Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, each in turn, tell us that, after he had arisen out of his earthly body, Jesus appeared in his heavenly body to quite a number of his friends. That He walked with them and talked with them. That it was His celestial body, and not His physical body, is proved by the fact that he could enter a room when the doors were closed and securely locked, and vanish from their sight instantly. And that, in the presence of quite a large number of men and women, He arose in the air and disappeared from mortal sight, the heavens having opened to receive Him.

The world at large regards these facts as exceptional, miraculous, but you, my friend, do not. You are obliged to discredit them altogether, or else believe that they occurred in accordance with the operation of natural law, and that under similar conditions they could be duplicated.

It was a lovely morning. All nature seemed attuned to harmony and clothed in her most royal robes. The

birds twittered and chirped and sang in the leafy trees; the flowers filled the air with delicious perfume, and our souls with a worshipful sense of beauty. We were filled with a joy far surpassing the richest joys of earth. It was a morning and a walk to be remembered. Pearl was a most charming companion, not only, but no better guide could I have chosen, for she was perfectly familiar with the city, and her personal acquaintance with its people was quite large. She took my arm and we strolled leisurely along as any other young lovers might have done who cared more for each other than for any sights which the city might contain. Early as it was, many others were out. Some walked with quick step, and others slowly. Some passed us without recognition of our presence, and some bowed and smiled. Some greeted Pearl as an acquaintance and occasionally we met friends of hers, to whom she introduced me. Our walk ended for the time at the home of her father, where we stopped for breakfast. It was not a surprise call, for, as I afterwards learned, Pearl had forwarded a telepathic message to her father prior to our starting out for our walk that we would breakfast with him, but she

had not told me anything about it. Her father, Judge C—, which was the title by which he was known on earth, welcomed us in his old-fashioned, cordial way, which was so natural, so much like his old manner, that I could hardly realize that I was in a new world, and among those beings whom the earth dwellers call ghosts and think of as dead.

The Judge's family comprised a daughter and two sons, all of whom I had known on earth, where his dearly beloved wife still lingered, though she was expected to join him soon, as she had entered the tenth decade of her pilgrimage. The breakfast was delicious, and the table talk delightful. Olden time memories came trooping in and were cordially welcomed by all. As on a former occasion, panoramic views of scenes and pictures of people of earth came before us as we talked, which is a most interesting and realistic phenomenon. Hints of this are sometimes given to what we call mediums, but others have to accept their statements as true or discredit them. Formerly I had no faith in the celestial visions of sensitives, but I had a personal experience some years ago which enabled me, thereafter, to be more

lenient. I was delivering a series of lectures on scientific and philosophical subjects when, at the close of the course, I announced that on the following evening I would give a lecture on the philosophy of the relations of matter and mind. That announcement was an agreeable surprise to the audience; but to me it was a much greater surprise, and not a pleasant surprise. It had been given without premeditation, and I asked myself the question: Why did I do that? That question remained unanswered for five years, when the answer purported to come from an eminent philosopher, through the agency of a woman of marvelous psychic power. My philosophic friend reminded me of the incident, and then said:

"I impressed you to announce the lecture, and when you came to deliver it I so impressed my thought upon your brain as to enable you to see sentence after sentence, like a verbal panorama, pass before you for more than an hour. Those sentences you gave to your audience in consecutive order and with proper emphasis."

I accepted this explanation, for it accorded with the

facts of my remarkable experience, which the psychic could not have known anything about.

Soon after breakfast Pearl and I bade adieu to our friends and resumed our walk. But the hour is late, so I will bid you good night now, and resume my story of that day's experience on some future evening.

"I hope you will allow me to come to-morrow evening and hear the balance of your wonderful story, for I am deeply interested in it, and profoundly impressed with its realism."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LIBRARY AND UNIVERSITY.

Pearl led me to the great public library, and it is a great library. I can only give you a few facts in regard to it. It was founded by Zoroaster, very soon after the city was established, hence, it is about five thousand five hundred years old. There were at that remote period a great many books on earth, but a great many more in the spirit world. There is a hint of the wealth of literature in that very ancient Persian poem known as "The Book of Job," and explorations of the ruins of Memphis have revealed the fact that immense libraries existed in that Egyptian city six thousand years ago. All of those books and thousands of volumes which perished from earth long before Memphis was built are to be found in the library of the celestial city of Philadelphia. Pearl had often been there, hence

she could give me much valuable information and wise guidance in my brief inspection of that treasury of science, religion, history, poetry and romance. There is nothing new under the sun. We moderns are thinking along lines traversed by our remote anscestors, and putting old ideas into new forms of expression, and flattering ourselves that we are original. This is a grand thing to do, and we are performing our task well. Plato popularized the philosophy of his predecessors, and added to it, and Emerson put Plato's ideas into verbal clothes which made them understandable and attractive to the still more modern world. I do not mean to say that modern writers get all their inspirations from mundane authors who have preceded them. On the contrary, I learned by my visit to that library, and from Pearl and other intelligent celestials, that many of our writers draw upon a still higher fountain of thought, and give to the world books that may properly be termed original, as they are not in any sense reproductions of books that have been published on earth before, but which are inspired by wise men and women who are familiar with books never before published on earth, but

only in the spirit world. There are also books suggested to receptive persons on earth and first printed here. Some of these are of a high order of merit, but the vast majority of them belong to the ephemera of literature, or else, they are positively vicious, appealing to the baser side of sensuous life. Such books are projected by spirits in the first sphere, persons of superior intellect, but small moral development. That class of books are not found in the libraries, or in the homes of the third or still higher spheres. They are, I am told, to be found in the two lower spheres, the realms to which the vast majority of emigrants from earth are limited, until, through the development of their moral faculties, as well as their intellectual, they are fitted for, and aspire to, citizenship in the third sphere.

From the library we went to the university, where we were very kindly received by the President, who gave us a brief description of the educational methods pursued there. The corps of teachers is very large, but none of them are regularly appointed or elected to professorships. They are all voluntary teachers, who give their services freely and esteem it a privilege to do so, their

reward being the consciousness of performing a noble service to the youth and others who desire to be instructed in every branch of learning which is essential to the enlightenment and ennobling of the mind and building up character in a way to prepare them for the widest usefulness and greatest happiness. The fundamental idea is that to unfold the mental, moral and social faculties to the highest degree is to develop the latent elements of character and build up true manhood and womanhood, full-orbed manhood and womanhood. There are no commencement days, no degrees conferred, nor any time limit to the course of instruction. Students leave the university when they are qualified to become teachers in the schools of the lower spheres. On my asking where those lower spheres were, the President said:

"Each of the planets is surrounded by seven belts of ether, and a still finer fluid which your scientists call argon. These belts are spheres of spirit life. The first includes the earth's surface and its atmosphere, the second begins where the first ends, and ends where the third begins, and so on, to the seventh, which extends to

the outer limit of space allotted to the planet. Thus, all space is occupied by the planets and their spirit spheres. The ether and argon are gases, and they are heavier in the sphere immediately surrounding a planet than in the next higher, and so on, to the seventh, by reason of the fact that the rate of vibration is greater in each succeeding sphere. People whose intellectual, moral and spiritual faculties are not very much developed on earth, but who have lived sensuous lives there, pass at death into the first sphere, where they remain until they are fitted for the next sphere. Such persons cannot enter the second sphere until fitted for it. But those in the higher spheres can visit the lower at will, and mingle with their inhabitants freely, and spirits from all the spheres can visit the planet from which they came, but they cannot make their presence known to those in their physical bodies, except through the agency of persons endowed with some sort of medial gift, for the reason that the vibration is so low on earth that the sight, hearing and other senses of its inhabitants are not attuned to the higher rate under which celestial bodies are organized and controlled."

I thanked him for his very interesting and instructive reply to my question, and then Pearl and I bade him adieu and returned to the home of my grandparents. As we walked those golden streets and viewed the elegant homes of the blessed, I experienced a strong desire to visit the lower spheres. Pearl read my thought, and as her face lit up with an expression of tenderness and devotion, she said:

"My beloved, you have spent your life in preaching to spirits in prison, and through your preaching many have been liberated, but I appreciate your desire, and it shall be gratified. When the time draws near for you to return to earth, I will go with you, and we will make the journey by easy stages, stopping by the way at a few places of special interest. It will not be a very pleasant experience, but it will have the effect to increase your desire to convince the people of earth that the sort of lives they live there determines their condition in the spirit world. There is no hell, such as Milton describes, no fiery lake of molten sulphur, but there are depths of hadean gloom and misery that will harrow up your soul with pity more profound than you have ever felt before for erring men and women.

CHAPTER VIII.

AROUND THE WORLD IN FIVE HOURS.

I had been in the celestial world three days, during which time my physical body had lain on the bed in my chamber, in a cataleptic state. Living in private apartments alone, and taking my meals at my club, or in a restaurant, my rooms were never entered by any person but myself, except on my invitation; hence, my body was not likely to be disturbed by anyone, and being in charge of wise spirit scientists, who were experts in psychology, who could keep it in statu quo for many days if desirable, with perfect safety, I was disposed to extend my visit as long as my guardians should deem it desirable, and Pearl was more than content that I should do so.

On the morning of the fourth day we returned to Pearl's home across the lake, accompanied by quite a

large party of our relatives and friends, including her father and brother, my father, mother, sister and my grandparents, with whom we had been visiting in the city of Brotherly Love. Our party crossed the lake in small boats from choice, though we could have made the trip in air ships, in half the time, or we could have donned robes like those worn by the celestials which I saw floating above me on my first awakening in the spirit world, and projected ourselves by will power to our place of destination, in still less time. We were not pressed for time, however, so chose the slower method of traveling and enjoyed the excursion very greatly. Our tiny boats kept so near each other that general conversation flowed as freely as in a parlor, and the journey was enlivened at intervals by songs.

After dinner we enjoyed a ramble through the grounds surrounding the home of our hostess. The estate would be considered a most royal one on earth, both in size and beauty. Gardens filled with flowers and fruits, fields of grain, and parks of magnificent trees, tiny lakes and small rivulets, bordered with willows and spanned by narrow bridges, made a scene of fairy land.

Similar estates could be seen in all directions. "This is truly an ideal world," I said to my mother, and she replied:

"You have used the right word, my son. This home and all that belongs to it is but the phenomenal expression of the ideal of its creator and owner, your peerless poet lover, Pearl. She created it by the power of her enlightened thought. The universe is but a concreted thought of the Infinite Being we call God. We are sons and daughters of God, and we inherit all his attributes, possess all his powers to a limited degree. He created the universe for His home; we can create homes in this universe for ourselves, by the same power that He used, the only power there is, the power of mind, thought. You are familiar with the sentence, 'Knowledge is power,' but you have not fully comprehended its significance. By the power of perfect knowledge of the inherent laws governing matter God was able to create, or form, planets of nebula, and by a knowledge of the laws of unparticaled matter we are enabled to compel it to take shapes which represent our thoughts and embody our ideals."

"Thanks, dear mother, for this very clear statement of the dynamics of thought." To Pearl I said: "Permit me to congratulate you on your wealth of knowledge and your excellent taste in the use of it as displayed in your home and its surroundings."

"Dost like the picture, my dear Prince?"

"Like is too tame a word, my beloved Princess. I am charmed with it, and I bow in reverent adoration at the shrine of my chosen divinity, my peerless goddess."

"I accept your adoration, my dear Paul, and return with interest your loving worship."

On returning from our walk we all donned flying robes and started on a tour around the world. Rising to a hight of about two thousand feet, we began to move westward at a rate of two miles to the minute, which rate of speed was gradually, but rapidly, increased until we had attained a velocity equal to that of the planet earth in its diurnal revolution. The celestial spheres revolve with the planet; hence, when we attained the same rate of speed at which our sphere moves we appeared to stop moving. Before that we had enjoyed a continuous panorama, which had seemed to be moving in

the same direction we were going, but with gradually lessening speed, till it apparently stopped. In my simplicity I asked why we had stopped moving. With a smile Pearl replied:

"When as children we sat in the clover under the apple tree we did not know that we were moving at a rate of speed equal to the diurnal movement of the earth; we did not realize it, though we knew it theoretically. We are now, as we were then, moving with the speed of the sphere we occupy. That we seem to have stopped moving is because we are now in perfect harmony with that motion, and a state of harmony is a state of rest. If you wish that we do so, we will increase our speed and outrun the sun."

"You mean that we will fly faster than the rolling spheres?"

"Perhaps that is a more scientific way of stating it."

She then sang as most appropriate to the occasion:

"Then if on angel wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly."

Taking my hand, she said: "Let us leave the laggard orbs behind us, and make the tour around the world in so much less time than Phileas Fog did as to leave that famous traveler entirely in the shade."

"Lead on, my angel guide. Whither thou goest I will go, and with my hand in thine I shall fear no evil." As she pressed my hand and smiled the panorama again began to move. It now sped away behind us. The motion of the earth and its circling rings, or spheres, seemed to have been reversed. The seas, continents and islands of the Orient rolled backwards, and in less than five hours from the time of starting we returned to the point of departure from the east. Laying our robes aside, we proceeded to the dining room, and enjoyed a celestial supper, during which we talked of our journey, its incidents and scenes.

I had never before had even a birds-eye view of Asia, Africa or Europe, so to me there was a spice of novelty in the scenes, as well as in the mode of traveling. I said: "I should like to make that tour again, and more leisurely."

"And you shall," responded Pearl. "When you come here to live, we will together visit, at our leisure, every nation and city of earth and its celestial spheres."

"Thanks, my dear Pearl. I shall look forward with the most delightful anticipations to that time."

At the close of a pleasant evening the good nights were said, and each of us retired to his or her chamber and sought necessary repose. After breakfast the next morning our guests took their departure.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE SECOND SPHERE.

On leaving the earth Pearl had spent a few years in the second sphere before passing on to the third; in fact, comparatively few persons go from earth direct to the third sphere, and very few to the fourth. She had many friends there, and was familiar with the geography; hence, she was well qualified to act as my guide.

On crossing the boundary line which divides the two spheres, we were met by quite a party of ladies and gentlemen, who greeted Pearl as a dear friend, and who on being presented to me gave me cordial welcome to their country, and escorted us to a city of magnificent proportions, which, I was told, contained a population of over ten millions. This city was very superior to any earthly city, but quite inferior, in appearance, to those of the third sphere.

"You will be my guests during your stay here," said the chairman of the reception committee to Pearl and myself.

He was a member of the City Council, a man of superior talent and culture, and his wife was in every way his equal. Their home was elegant in all its appointments, and the dinner that followed soon after our arrival was a most luxurious one.

Our host had been an American lawyer and politician, and he assured me that he still took great interest in the public affairs of earth, and especially of his native country. I had been familiar with his name when I was a boy, for he had then been Governor of my native State for four years. He seemed pleased to learn that my father had voted for him when he ran for Governor, and that our family believed him to be a great and good man.

"Your father was not a politician, hence he did not know what it cost a man to be elected to the office of Governor, or, rather to get the nomination of a popular party for that office. The practice of law is demoralizing enough, but politics is much more so. But I need

not go into particulars at present. Suffice it, that if I had taken the advice of my father, to follow the plow and the path of rectitude, instead of adopting the law as a profession, or if I had eschewed ambition and been content to be a fairly honest and moderately successful lawyer, I would not now be living in the second sphere of the spirit world, after a twenty-five-year probation in the first, but instead I might be a neighbor of my friend Pearl, and of her honored father, who was an honest lawyer.

"Character counts here. Reputation is of small value, while on earth the reverse is true, as a rule. There I sought the bubble reputation, instead of building a substantial character. Here I am trying to do what I should have done there, and I am hopeful of success."

"I am sure that you will succeed, my dear friend," I responded, "and I most sincerely congratulate you, not only on the progress you have made, but on the sincere and determined purpose to succeed. Evidently your fellow-citizens already recognize you as a man of sterling worth, or they would not honor you with the high office you hold."

"Yes, I am held in high esteem here, but I do not forget that esteem is comparative rather than positive."

"Nor should you forget that none are perfect, but to act well your part, by doing your full duty, as you see it, is all that is required of you, and in doing that you make all possible progress toward perfection."

The dinner and the discussion were here closed, and we adjourned to the parlor, where I was presented to quite a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had called to pay their respects to Pearl and myself. Our host now proposed that the whole party resolve itself into a committee of escort and proceed to show us the city. That suggestion met with general favor, and we at once ascended to the roof of the residence and embarked in an air ship, which arose a few hundred feet higher and then moved at a speed of perhaps a mile to the minute. The city bore quite a striking resemblance to Chicago in many respects. Church spires were seen in every direction, and school houses and college buildings were quite numerous. On making inquiry I learned that the churches represented the different sectarian names, but that the old creeds are not adhered to very strictly by

even the most conservative sects, while non-sectarian and creedless churches are numerous.

Religion, in the popular sense, is not taught in the schools, but the principles of moral ethics, which form the basis of all forms of religion, are carefully inculcated. There are no prisons or hospitals in this sphere, hence no criminal courts, criminal lawyers or physicians. The people are very superior to the residents of earth in all respects, intellectually, morally and socially, hence all of their conditions and institutions are superior.

This may be properly termed the vestibule of heaven. On their arrival here most people think they have reached heaven, and many are disappointed at not finding Jesus, the primitive apostles and the founders of the sects to which they belonged on earth. They are astonished to meet people who did not belong to any church. One of the first lessons which such people are taught is that faith without works is dead, not only, but that good works without faith in dogmatic theology have redemptive power.

The agnostics are delighted to find, on passing from

earth, proof positive of what they had not been convinced on earth, that death is not the end, but simply an important epoch in a career which, so far as we can know, is endless.

Those whom I met here were greatly interested in my account of my visit to the third sphere, and on the suggestion of some of them I was invited to deliver a lecture on my travels in one of the large churches of the city. It was interesting to learn that the city was called Providence, and that the church in which I lectured was built by Roger Williams, who was its first pastor, and who still visits the city on occasion and preaches in his old church.

At my suggestion Pearl was invited to deliver a prelude to my lecture, and it is but just to say that her prelude was far more eloquent and instructive than my lecture. We met in this sphere a lovely woman, a poet of considerable fame on earth, and I was surprised to learn that she was a resident of the city, as she was well fitted for the third sphere. I asked Pearl for an explanation, and she said:

"It is a sad story, with a spice of romance in it, that

I must tell you if I give you an intelligent explanation."

"You were an expert in the art of condensation when a girl, and I should be delighted, after so long a time, to have a specimen of your *multum in parvo* style of story telling."

"After such a tribute, I could not refuse to brief the story, which reminds me of Southey's poetic romance entitled, 'All For Love, or a Sinner Well Saved,' which I know to be a favorite with you."

"Yes, I have read it many times, but supposed it to be a mere legend with no basis of fact."

"Do you still believe that a fact is capable of transcending the possible real? Are you not, after your experience of the past few days, prepared to believe that Saxe wrote wiser than he knew when he penned these beautiful lines:

" 'We are not mocked; 'twas not in derision
God made our spirits free;
The poet's brightest dreams are but dim previsions
Of blessings that shall be,
When they who lovingly hoped and trusted,
Despite some transient fears,
Shall see life's elements adjusted
And rounded into spheres.' "

"Yes, I am now convinced that our castles in Spain fall far short of the possible real, and the most vivid imagination of the greatest novelist must fail to conceive scenes and characters that approach those I have seen during my visit to the celestial realm. Having confessed my error, I now await your story."

"I have said this is a sad story, and there should be naught but joy in a love romance. 'She loved not wisely, but too well,' has passed into a proverb. That is what this dear woman did, and persists in doing, unless her friends are all at fault in their judgment.

"When a girl of eighteen she met a man of twenty-three, and they fell in love with each other, or, to be exact, they were passionally attracted to each other, for full-orbed love does not reach maturity in an hour, and passion is but one of its many elements, and not the highest or most enduring. All the faculties of the mind must find their complement in a person of the opposite sex if they are to be united in the bonds of true love.

"Love is said to be blind, and if so, the intellectual and moral faculties are not involved in it.

"The man this woman loved is far below her in moral

consciousness and nobility of character, yet her love proves to be enduring, which can be accounted for only on the hypothesis that she idealized him at first, and that on being undeceived she resolved to develop his latent moral faculties, and thus reform his character, and fit him to companion her in her upward progress.

"In earthly wealth and social position they were equals, so there seemed to be no reason why they should not marry, except that he was what is called a fast young man, and she an innocent girl. They were wed, and for a few weeks he was devoted in his attentions to her. Then he began to neglect her, and resumed his former habit of spending his evenings at his club. She did not complain, but redoubled her efforts to entertain him. For a brief time she was successful, but only for a brief time. Her smiles and songs and loving words did not compensate him for the loss of the wit and wine and boon companionship of the club rooms. His evenings from home grew more frequent, and the hours longer, yet the wife did not complain, but welcomed his return with smiles and kisses. For a while he responded to her caresses and asked pardon for keeping her up so late, but

ere long he began to show impatience, and instead of thanks she got querulous criticisms for her loving and lonely vigils. He was a moderate drinker at first, but the habit grew till he became a drunkard. Then he gambled, lightly at first, but as his losses increased he grew desperate. He then drank heavily and played recklessly. One night he bet and lost his last dollar. When the terrible fact dawned upon him that he was a bankrupt it maddened him. He charged his opponent in the game with having cheated him. The answer was a pistol shot that sent a ball crashing into his brain. His lifeless body was sent to his waiting wife, while he awoke in purgatory.

"The shock and poignant sorrow which followed prostrated the abandoned wife, but she survived both. For forty years she lived on earth, and cherished her love for the man who proved so unworthy of it. Her ideal was not shattered. She believed that the faults of her beloved were physical, temperamental, and that her first estimate of his character was correct. She cherished the memory of her ideal lover, and regarding him as still her husband, she refused to wed again, though more than

one offered her his heart and hand. She lived an intellectual life and a useful one, and when death released her she found herself in the third sphere, surrounded by friends. But her husband was not among those who gave her loving greeting. 'Mother,' she asked, 'where is Albert?'

"'Alas! my daughter, he is still in the first sphere of the spirit realm, which is within the earth's atmosphere, nor can he rise above it while he cherishes a desire for revenge on his murderer, and seeks for happiness through his sensuous nature; not until he is redeemed from the dominion of selfishness.'

"'Be it my mission to redeem him. To that task I dedicate my powers, nor will my efforts cease till my task is accomplished. Mother, I must go to him at once. You will lead me to him, won't you?'

"'Yes, dear, I will, though I have small hope of your success.'

"'I must and will succeed.'

"From that realm of light and joy those two women passed swiftly to a region of shadows and discontent.

"'Mother, is this hell?'

"'No, my daughter; hell is too strong a word to use. There is no hell, such as Milton described, no place where vengeful torture is inflicted upon God's erring children. This is purgatory, a place where sin sick souls remain until, like the Prodigal Son, they come to a realization of their true condition, and through repentance and a desire to reform they find their way to the Father's house. Those who live here are free to go anywhere within the limits of the earth's atmosphere, but many of them do not get very far from the scenes of their earthly lives for many years. They have acquired no interest in the higher spheres, have no treasure laid up in heaven, so they haunt their former earthly homes and places of business and pleasure. They sit silent and unseen in the family circle, yearning for recognition, but unable to make their presence known to their loved ones. They hear themselves spoken of as dead, in tones of sadness, and see the tears of sorrow fill the eyes of wife and children, at thought of widowhood and orphanage, and anguish wrings their hearts, as in vain they strive to make their weeping ones realize that they are

not dead, nor gone far away, but that they still live and love them.

"'The business man, whose life was devoted to the accumulation of earthly riches, haunts the store, bank or factory, and worries over his inability to continue in control of it and receive the profits. He finds himself deprived of his wealth, which had cost him a life of labor and sacrifice, and sees it, perhaps, recklessly squandered by his heirs, while he is a bankrupt, a pauper, a tramp.

"'The politician, the gambler, the saloonkeeper and others who lived lives of selfishness have similar experiences.

"'Albert spends his nights in the rooms of his club, and grows indignant at his former companions for treating him with silent contempt, and for not giving him an opportunity to win back his lost fortune. His slayer is not there, but he seeks him in the vile places he now haunts, and tries to stab him, but he strikes and strikes, and yet there falls no blow. His dagger seems to pierce the heart of his hated foe, but it leaves no wound when withdrawn, nor does the victim give any sign that he feels its phantom blade, yet at times the poor wretch

cowers and trembles, as though he sensed an invisible assassin, crouching near him. At such times he repeats the soliloquy of a more famous murderer. Conscience makes cowards of us all.'

"'Does no one try to teach him how to get out of that condition of mind?'

"'Yes, but he is so self-opinionated and self-willed that he is not amenable to wise counsel. You know that he was a materialist and atheist, when you knew him, and that he had great contempt for religion of all sorts.'

"'But has he not discovered his error?'

"'No, he realizes that he has undergone some sort of change, but he still has a body which is to all appearances just like the one he had before that fateful night, hence he does not understand the nature of that change. He rejects with scorn the idea that he is a ghost, and when told that he is in the spirit world, he replies, "I have not seen any spirits, or any God."'

"'Be it my task to teach him the truth and redeem him from his lost condition. Love is a powerful saving force, and my love for Albert is so strong that I could not be happy in heaven while he remains in hell.'

"This is the story as I got it from the mother of that devoted woman. She has a home with a friend in this city, but she spends most of her time with her depraved husband. She thinks she is making progress in her noble missionary work, and is encouraged to persevere. She is sustained by the sympathy and prayers of many good people, and I shall give her such help as I can as opportunity offers. I do not believe that he is her soul mate, but be that as it may, he is a son of our common Father, and, therefore, my brother."

CHAPTER X.

IN HEAVEN'S VAST SHADOW.

In his epic poem, "A Tale of Eternity," Gerald Massey makes the dead murderer, in reply to the question, "Where do you dwell?" use these terrible words:

"I, the doomed murderer, doth dwell
In heaven's vast shadow, which the good call hell?"

On visiting that Plutonian realm I was strongly impressed with the truth of that answer.

The light of the second sphere is much less brilliant than that of the third, and when we passed into the first the landscape seemed to lie in shadow or under a cloud, through which the rays of light struggled feebly. The air seemed heavy and a sense of gloom pervaded all things. The trees, the grass and the flowers were comparatively inferior; in fact, very little, if any, better than those of earth. The buildings, both in town and country,

many of them, were mere hovels. The costumes of the people differed greatly, some were what on earth would be styled elegant, some very coarse and others mean to the last degree. On inquiry I learned that, as a rule, those who were rich on earth are poor here. There are exceptions, but they are not numerous. The great majority of those who were poor on earth are still poor, their condition not being improved by getting out of their earthly bodies. Those only, whether rich or poor, who tried to do their full duty by their fellows according to the best light they had, are in comfortable circumstances here, while all, both rich and poor, who were selfish, sordid, mean, ignorant and vicious on earth, are poor, miserable wretches here. Those who by shrewd and unjust methods became very rich on earth are paupers or tramps here, and objects of pity. Many who were classed as aristocrats on earth are here lower in the social scale than were the beggars they spurned on the streets or ordered from their doors, through their liveried lackeys; lower than the burglars and thieves who were driven into crime by stress of poverty. Observing this fact revived in my memory a lecture on sociology by

Prof. Lester F. Ward, which I once heard him deliver. In that lecture the following startling sentence occurred:

"The crimes of plutocracy committed under forms of law in a single year are greater than the crimes of a century for which men are sent to prison."

Uncrowned kings are quite numerous in the first sphere, and ex-noblemen still more numerous, while American politicians are found here in such numbers as to remind one of scenes in our national capitol during a session of Congress. Some of these men have been distinguished leaders of great parties and held high official positions. Two men were pointed out to me as ex-Presidents of the United States of America, who had been false to the people who had elected them, and instead of serving all the people, had been the pliant tools of a few dishonest men banded together for the purpose of securing special privileges for themselves, to the disadvantage of all other citizens. Those recreant officials and the plutocratic men who corrupted them are alike held in contempt by all who have any sense of honor, or any recognition of the principle of justice. They are

social pariahs and political outcasts. Nor is this all their punishment. Remorse preys upon the partially awakened conscience of most of them, and to a degree so great that purgatorial fires burn in their hearts till they groan in agony and pray for the cooling waters of Lethe to quench the flames that burn without consuming. Ere long these will learn that such prayers availeth not, but that sincere repentance and thorough reformation of life can alone bring surcease of sorrow and lift them out of the slough of despond. They can be advised and aided by wise and good spirits, who gladly give advice and help to all who will accept it.

This great missionary field is fully occupied by men and women eminently qualified for such work, and who are content to take redeemed souls as pay for their services. Missionary work is carried on by public lectures or sermons, and also through personal interviews. I had the great privilege of attending an immense meeting and listening to short sermons by Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, John Murry, Elias Hicks and Thomas Paine, all of whom preached substantially the same doctrine. The famous Calvinist, the distinguished deist,

the eminent quaker and the renowed founders of methodism and universalism were in perfect agreement on fundamentals.

"God is love." That was the text upon which Jonathan Edwards based his discourse.

To transpose my text would not change its meaning in the least. To say love is God is perhaps a better form of expression. Love is not only the greatest dynamic power in the universe, but it is the only creative and sustaining force in existence. All else is transient, love is eternal. All of us have the germ of love as an essential element of our nature. To develop that divine element until it pervades the whole being is to become a true child of God, a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, an heir of eternal life, the possessor of perfect peace, rapturous joy and happiness supernal. Perfect love casteth out fear, said Paul. Love is a holy flame that consumes all selfishness, purifies the heart and lifts us to a plane of life so exalted as to fit us for angelic companionship.

Do you ask, "How can I develop the love element in my nature?" I answer cease to do evil and learn to do good, not only, but cease to have evil thoughts, and en-

tertain good thoughts. Pray without ceasing is Paul's advice to you, the literal meaning of which is that you shall earnestly desire and strive to live a true, pure, noble, loving and useful life.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed. Faith, hope and love constitute a holy trinity, but the greatest of these is love.

"The truth shall make you free," said Thomas Paine, on arising to follow the great preacher. "You have just listened to a sermon so full of truth that I need only emphasize it, and exhort you to accept it and make it the guide of your lives. If you do that you will find yourselves emancipated from the bondage of error and the service of sin, and you will rise to the noble dignity of true manhood and womanhood, the highest, the holiest and happiest estate possible of attainment by finite beings."

The other sermons were in accord with those I have briefed. For example, John Wesley said:

"To love your enemies is the supreme test of love, for if you love those who hate you you cannot desire to be avenged for any wrong you may suffer at their hands,

but instead, you will desire to benefit them, and you will know that to give love for hate and good for evil is the only way to render a true service.

"Offer your enemy anything but love and he will suspect your motive, but love disarms suspicion, conquers hate, overcomes evil and transforms enemies into friends. Mercy is love in action, be ye, therefore, merciful."

It is related of Epicurus that on coming upon a party of young men who were reviling a cynic, he asked them this question:

"Would you revile one who is so unfortunate as to be deformed in his physical body?"

"No, we would pity him."

"Then how much more is he who is deformed in his mind entitled to your pity?"

In the hour and agony of an unjust and cruel death Jesus prayed that his enemies might be forgiven, and by that prayer he won the heart of the world.

Our poet friend and her husband were present, and at the close of the meeting she introduced him to Pearl

and myself. His manners were those of a gentleman, but his face bore the dark record of passion.

"To see and hear men of such fame and ability," I said, "is a great privilege to me, but I presume that you often hear them, or others of equal historic prominence."

"No, I have not been in the habit of listening to sermons. I came here to-day in deference to the wish of my wife, not from any desire of my own to listen to homilies. I confess, however, that I have been entertained. The sermons had the merit of brevity, and besides, they were good specimens of prose poetry."

"Do you not think that those sermons contain more truth than poetry?"

"I admit that there is a basis of truth in the talk about love being a noble sentiment, but those preachers are transcendentalists, extremists. It strikes me that to talk of loving our enemies is to talk sentimental nonsense. It is not in human nature to love that which is unlovely, repulsive, hateful."

"I beg your pardon, but I do not think that the doctrine we have just heard expounded involves that. We are not required to love sin, but sinners. Nor are we

asked to love the sinner in the same way, or to the same degree, that we love one that is not a sinner. But if we recognize the fact that sin is the result of imperfect development of the higher faculties, or want of proper control of the lower faculties, we can have patience with the sinner, and by relating ourselves to him as we would to an erring child, help him to realize his error, fault or sin, and thus aid him to desire to reach a higher plane of conduct, and live a more harmonious life. You doubtless know that man has, as a natural and necessary inheritance from his savage ancestors, all the faculties possessed by the lower animals, and that in addition to these he has, not only reasoning faculties of much higher order than any brute possesses, but moral consciousness, ideality and other endowments which are purely human, and that it is through the development of these higher faculties alone that he is enabled to control those faculties which are common to brute and man, and live a human, humane, harmonious life. You probably recognize the truth of Massey's poetic statement that

> " 'No lower life hath ever passed away,
> But left its larvae in the human clay.

No reptile of the slime, no beast of prey,
But human passions personate to-day.'"

"As a disciple of Darwin I must admit the truth of that statement."

"Then we are on common ground, and you will admit that war between nations, and personal combats and all manifestations of anger, hate and revenge result from want of control of the brute faculties by the human faculties?"

"I admit the force of your logic, sir, and frankly confess that you have given me much light on the problem of human conduct. I am your debtor, and I should be glad to talk with you further at a future time."

The wife rewarded me with a smile, which expressed both pleasure and gratitude, and the two bade us good day.

Pearl then led me forward and introduced me to the great preachers, whom she had previously met. I congratulated President Edwards on his advanced views, and said: "I can but believe that you are exerting great influence over the Calvinist churches of earth, and that

the progress they are making is due, in part, to your efforts." With a pleasant smile he replied:

"I have done what I could to save the younger men of my old faith from the influence of the lurid theology I was taught, and which shadowed my life and crippled my power for good during my ministry on earth. Perhaps you know that Calvin has long since revised his creed and that he deeply deplores having given to the world a system of doctrines which so greatly misrepresent the character of the all-loving Father. He is an unseen member of every great assembly of Calvinistic churches, doing all that he can do to bring about a radical change in the creed which he gave to the world."

Thomas Paine thanked me for having publicly defended him against the charge of being an infidel. "I was greatly misunderstood," he said, "by the religious world, but your earnest defense has done much to relieve my name from the odium which has so long shadowed it."

These men, so Pearl informed me, all reside in the fourth sphere, but they spend much of their time in missionary work in the first and among the people of earth.

Their efforts are productive of great good in both fields.

There are in the first sphere churches representing the various sects of earth, in which preachers who still hold to the doctrine they preached on earth continue their work along the same line they pursued on earth. Those preachers regard the missionaries as heretical intruders at first, but most of them soon become converted and join the missionaries in their work, leaving their pulpits to be filled by preachers less advanced. The membership of the churches is constantly changing, new arrivals taking the place of those who accept the broader views of the missionaries. Converts to the higher faith are more numerous than on earth, for two reasons. The population is vastly greater and the preachers in the spirit world get no salaries.

"I beg your pardon, but do you mean me to understand that there are more people within the atmosphere of this planet than there are on its surface?"

Yes, more than a thousand to one, the vast majority of people remaining in the first sphere for a great while, many of them centuries, while the average length of life on earth is about forty years. I saw men and women

who, I was informed, lived on earth more than ten centuries ago. Some of them are historic characters—kings, queens, generals of renown in civilized countries, and chiefs of barbarous and savage tribes.

I have said that the purgatories are in the first sphere. Swedenborg called them hells, and he was correct in saying that there are a great many of them, and that they are graded up from conditions of intense misery to states of comparative comfort. I use the word conditions, for heaven and hell are not so much dependent upon localities as upon conditions. Heaven is a condition of positive happiness. Hell a condition of unrest, discontent, misery. Envy, hate, revenge and other selfish passions are elements of hell. They feed its fires. In case they lead to murder, tyranny or other horrible crime, remorse takes possession of the guilty soul soon or late, plunging it still deeper into purgatory, from which there is no escape save through the door of contrition, repentance, reform and reparation.

General Sherman said: "War is hell." Men who make war for ambitious or other selfish reason are murderers, whose guilt is measured by the number of per-

sons they kill or cause to be killed, plus the aggregate crimes incident to the wars they wage or are responsible for. Men who fight against such monsters, in defense of freedom, justice or any right principle, are not murderers, but heroes or martyrs.

In the spirit spheres men and women stand revealed to each other, and to themselves, and in the electric light of truth, reputations count for naught, character for everything. Good deeds, prompted by pure motives, done on earth, are the treasures in heaven referred to by Jesus, and good motives which, for lack of opportunity, failed to blossom into deeds of kindness, or heroism, count for something. The earnest desire to relieve suffering, or better the world, enriches the soul.

The great majority of those who dwell in the first sphere are not criminals, nor bad people. They are simply undeveloped, hence ignorant souls. Many of them have lived sensuous lives; they sought happiness in eating, drinking, passional pleasures and amusements, instead of through the development and use of their intellectual and moral faculties. Such persons are not, as a class, very miserable, but they are not very happy, but

they find it very difficult to overcome lifelong habits of indifference, apathy, disinclination to study or to listen to real instruction, which taxes their long-neglected mental faculties. This vast herd of stupid humanity taxes the patience of the missionaries, but they persevere in their efforts to arouse within each one a desire for mental and moral unfoldment.

Only those can be truly said to be in hell who, being endowed with great talents, used them to rob and oppress their fellows. Such persons realize their condition and deplore their crimes, yet their arrogant pride stands in the way of their reformation.

Their remorse is not at first a genuine sorrow for their sins, but a deep regret that they are deprived of the wealth, power and glory they had won and enjoyed on earth, and when the terrible truth dawns upon their consciousness that their loss is irreparable, many of them sink into a state of rebellious despair from which it is difficult to arouse them. The process of redemption is, in such cases slow and tedious. It is a process of soul growth, moral unfoldment, at first, to be followed by genuine repentance, which involves reformation of char-

acter, not only, but reparation, full and complete. They must humbly pray for forgiveness from those they have wronged and from their own souls, the divine spark within them, and then begin their lives over again with renewed hearts and a devout purpose to thereafter serve others with all the zeal they formerly sought to serve themselves. Those who occupied the highest positions on earth and used their power selfishly, are obliged to perform the most humble services here, not from compulsion, but voluntarily. This the law of compensation inexorably requires, not vindictively, but as a *sine qua non* to soul development and final redemption.

CHAPTER XI.

PAUL VISITS EARTH AS A SPIRIT.

On the morning of the ninth day of my visit Pearl said: "My dear Paul, I have refrained from telling you tilll now, but in the opinion of our friends who have charge of your physical body, you ought not to be absent from it longer than ten days. You have, therefore, but one more day before your limit of leave will be reached. Having made quite a thorough investigation of conditions in the three spheres of the celestial world you were permitted to visit, I suggest that you spend the remaining time in a visit to the earth, that you may learn something of the relations that exist between people in their physical forms and those who have severed the ties which once bound them to the flesh and its environments."

"I am in your hands, my dear Pearl, and under your wise guardianship; hence your wish is my law."

"Thanks for the compliment; and now I propose a brief visit to the City of Washington, after which we will go to Boston and attend one or two seances."

Bidding adieu to our poet and other friends, we winged our way down through the gloomy atmosphere of the realm of shadows to the Capital City of the greatest and most advanced nation on the planet earth. Congress being in session, our opportunity to observe the working forces of the government was good. Proceeding at once to the White House, I was surprised to find the President surrounded by a great host of spirits from various spheres, a large majority of them from the first, quite a number from the second and a few from the third. I had been told that disembodied politicians and statesmen are interested in the affairs of this and other nations, but I was not prepared to see such a crowd of them as I found there, each trying to influence the President. Some were interested in and used their psychic power in favor of earthly friends who were applicants for offices of various sorts. Some brought their

psychic force to bear in favor of great corporations of business men, of which they had been members or for which they had been attorneys. Others were there with the hope of influencing the President for or against certain political policies. For example, Dr. Franklin sought to impress the President, Cabinet Ministers and Congressmen with the wisdom of abandoning gold and silver as money materials, and coining money of paper, and, perhaps, using aluminum to coin into small change. Alexander Hamilton was there to oppose that policy. Those two great men held opposite views, just as they did on earth a century ago. Some were there in the interest of limited suffrage and an aristocratic form of government, some in the interest of pure democracy, some in the interest of theocracy and some of socialism. The President, though not a very sensitive man, felt these influences, and, with so many conflicting interests and influences acting upon him from the spirit world, added to those of this, he was often in a state of perplexity most pitiable. His desire to do right was often overcome and defeated by considerations of party policy or selfish interests. Like the great apostle, he could

have said: "What I would, I do not, and what I would not, that I do."

The spiritual lobby, if I may be allowed to use that word, which we found in the Senate and House of Congress was larger, but of the same kind as that at the Executive Mansion. In fact, it was composed in part of the same persons. If the people would follow Plato's advice to elect to office only men of high moral character, they could have their government conducted on lines of freedom and justice, for such men could be influenced only by the wise and good, whether in the body or from the spirit spheres. While on this visit to our national capitol I learned that, but for the efforts of wise and good spirits, this government would be far more corrupt, unjust and despotic than it is.

Leaving Washington, we proceeded to Boston, where we attended two different spiritual seances—one where the medium was controlled by quite a number of different spirits, who, in turn, gave messages to their friends through her, and one where they used the emanations from the medium's body to form temporary bodies of their own for the purpose of manifesting to their

friends. I was greatly interested and instructed at each place. Being a disembodied spirit, I could study the science of spirit control and materialization from the spirit point of view. There were hundreds of spirits at each of those seances, many of whom were not even acquaintances of any member of the circle, but who were there with the hope of being able to send messages to absent friends. Most of those were doomed to disappointment, and their disappointment was so great that my sympathty went out to them; but still more did I sympathize with those who were unable to even announce their presence to dear ones in the room. The time being limited, only a few could be heard at the first place or seen at the other. The majority were obliged to go away disappointed, some of them so grieved that they wept bitter tears. Some who thought they were badly treated were indignant, precisely as selfish mortals are under similar circumstances. I had supposed that spirits controlled trance mediums by entering into their bodies, but in this case they did not pursue that method, but simply stood back of the medium, with the right hand on her head, and, by hypnotic suggestion, controlled the

medium's brain, compelling it to give out their thoughts, the medium being first put into a perfect hypnotic trance by her own expert control. During the progress of the seance a gentleman asked permission to control the medium for a few minutes, saying:

"I passed out of my body by accidental drowning during a sea voyage, and my family and friends are wondering why I have not returned home. My wife is in this circle, brought here by an impression from me. You will greatly oblige me, therefore, if you will allow me to explain my situation."

"I could not refuse so reasonable a request so politely made," replied the spirit manager.

Taking position back of the medium, and placing his right hand on the crown of her head, and concentrating his mind upon her brain, he willed her to extend her right hand toward a lady near her on her right, and to say to her:

"Dear Mary, I impressed you to come here this evening, with the hope of being able to assure you that I did not voluntarily desert you, nor have I deserted you. But, my beloved wife, I am what the world calls dead,

yet I am with you and our dear children almost constantly."

"Who are you?" asked the woman addressed.

"I am your loving husband, Arthur Livingston."

"Oh, Arthur! Is it true that this is you?"

"Yes, dear Mary, it is true. I fell overboard and was drowned while on my way home from Europe, on the steamer Britanica. A storm was raging, during which the passenger list was lost, so you were left to wonder why I did not return, and to mourn my absence and my silence. But I assure you, sweetheart, that within an hour of the time the cruel waves closed over my mortal body I was with you in our home. But Oh! the agony that filled my soul when the truth forced itself upon my mind that you could not see me, nor hear my words of love, nor feel my kisses upon your lips and brow. Now, thank God, I am able, through the lips of this blessed woman, to assure you of the fact that I still live and love you with all the ardor and devotion with which I won your virgin heart and held your wifely devotion. Kiss our dear children for me, and tell them that papa is not dead, but that he lives and loves them, as in those

happy days when they were wont to sit upon my knee and pay me in kisses for the stories I told them."

"Dear Arthur, this must be you, for you talk so natural, so like your dear self. And oh! my beloved, I am so happy that I can scarcely contain my joy. But I want to see your dear face, as well as hear your endearing words."

"You shall see me, dear one, if you will go to Mrs. B.'s seance next Sunday afternoon. Now, good-bye till then."

Thanking the spirit manager for his kindness, and apologizing to the other spirits who were waiting to use the medium, he gave way to them.

The wife who got this message was a stranger to all present, and she said that this was the first seance she had ever attended. "But it will not be the last," she added, "for I would not take all the wealth of the world for the joy that has come to me to-night." Mr. Livingston, Pearl and myself now left that very interesting seance and proceeded to the home of a famous materializing medium, where we arrived at 9 o'clock. Here a seance was in progress, and, the conditions being good,

the manifestations were very superior. That seance was held in an upper room which had but one door, and that was locked by a committee chosen by the circle. The cabinet was simply a curtain drawn across a corner of the room, and a chair for the medium was the only piece of furniture in it. The light of the room was fairly good. The cabinet was totally dark to those who use physical eyes, but to us, who used spiritual organs of sight, it was most brilliantly illuminated by a light produced by a rate of vibration so high that it makes no impression upon the retina of the eye of an earth dweller. The two sorts of light are incompatible. The one destroys the other. It was a great privilege to me to stand in that celestial light and see the spirit chemist form human bodies for spirits to use in manifesting to their mortal friends. The materials were emanations from the medium and bodies of persons in the circle. On this occasion material was abundant, hence those spirits who were fortunate enough to get into the limited list of those to be permitted to appear in *propria persona* that evening were able to quickly and very perfectly clothe themselves in fleshly form and earthly habili-

ments, and walk out of the cabinet to meet and greet their friends. More than thirty were so privileged during the evening, but a great many more were doomed to disappointment. Some were grieved, some were resigned to their fate, and congratulated those who were more fortunate, while others were envious and angry. The same variety of mental states was seen in the circle. One woman annoyed everybody else by remarks such as, "I can't see why my friends are not allowed to come as well as others. I know there are a lot of them there, for they are always on hand whenever I go to a seance, and they always manifest everywhere else, and I don't see why they can't here."

She would ask the spirit manager if her husband could come, or why don't John, or Susie, or Mattie materialize?

"My dear madam, you do not need further proof of continued life and spirit return, while there are others here who have not had your advantages in that regard. I beg you, therefore, to be patient. If time permits, some of your friends will appear to you."

"Well, I think my friends have as good a right to come as anybody."

Her spirit friends, being on the same plane of selfishness that she occupied, held the same opinion, but they were ruled out in the interest of others more deserving and more in need of such experience, and whose friends would be benefited by it more than that woman could. There were in that circle sad hearts to be comforted, and the spirit manager gave the spirit friends of such the preference. Two cases excited general sympathetic interest of both spirits and mortals. One of these, a lovely spirit woman, whose almost heartbroken husband had silently prayed that his darling might give him the proof that others seemed to get, sensing his sadness and his dawning faith, modestly asked if she might try to reach him and comfort him. Her request was granted, and a moment later she stood in the door of the cabinet and waived a white handkerchief toward her husband, and whispered:

"Albert, it is I, your Ella."

The gentleman arose and approached the cabinet,

when his wife folded her arms about him and whispered:

"Dear Albert, my beloved husband, I am not, as you have supposed, dead. Kiss me, dear," and she presented her lips and smiled.

"My darling, this is a joy I never hoped for again," and he pressed his lips to hers. As a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, he said: "This is the happiest moment of my life."

"It is the happiest moment of my life also, for, although my heavenly home is radiant with beauty, I could not be happy while you mourned me as dead. Your sorrow brought deep sorrow to my heart, and my tears mingled with yours. Promise me, dear, that you will not longer grieve for me."

"Dear heart, I promise. I could not allow my selfish grief to bring a pang to your dear heart. I will patiently and hopefully wait for that glad day when I shall be permitted to join you in that beautiful world in which you dwell, if only I shall be worthy to do so."

"You are worthy now, my dear one, and I have no

fears that you will ever be less worthy. But I cannot hold this form longer now, so good-bye."

A moment later another woman walked out of the cabinet, and, approaching a gentleman and lady who sat near it on the left, she said:

"My dear children, I am delighted to meet you here. I have long tried to impress you to go with me to some place where I could make my presence known to you and overcome your skepticism. At length I have succeeded. I was with you in your home, trying to impress you to attend this seance, and you cannot know how glad I was when you, dear Grace, yielded to my silent influence, and said: "Suppose we go to the seance we have heard so much about instead of to the theater," and Walter responded, as I knew he would: "Your wish is my law, though I have no faith in spiritualism."

"Mother, dear mother, I cannot doubt longer. Walter, this is surely your mother."

"Yes, and your mother also, my dear Grace."

"I stand corrected, mother, and beg your pardon."

"Mother,"—it was the son who spoke—"I must believe this is really you, though it seems beyond belief

that one who was laid in the tomb years ago should appear as natural as life."

"Artie, my darling boy, I was not laid in the tomb; it was my cast-off body that was buried. This life I now live is the real life. We do not begin to live, in the true sense, until we die."

"Mother, darling mother, I cannot longer doubt this great truth. No one ever called me Artie but you."

"Thank God, I have at last reached you, for, although I have watched over you with all my mother love during all the years since I passed to the higher life, yet you did not know it, therefore we were practically separated. Now we are again united, and my joy is complete."

Folding her arms about her son and his wife, this mother kissed each in turn, and then, with a faintly whispered good-bye, she started back to the cabinet, but before she could reach it the form she had worn during the interview dissolved and vanished from sight. This demonstration closed the seance, which, by all save one, was pronounced a great seance. The exception was the woman who had not been able to appreciate any blessing which came to others. She said: "I am an old Spirit-

ualist. I have atttended hundreds of seances and helped support many mediums; but this medium will never get another dollar out of me nor out of my friends, if I can help it."

The better spirits pitied her, but no word of censure did they utter.

As that seance closed Pearl said: "There is, I am informed, a man in this city who is about to pass through the experience called death by the people of earth, but which is, in fact, a new birth. If you would like to witness this change we will at once go to his chamber."

"I should like to see a spirit leave its earthly body," I replied. So we proceeded to the house of mourning. The dying man had passed the Psalmist's limit of earth life, yet he had not reached the natural limit of earth life. He had overworked his body, and, while exhausted, had exposed it to a draught of cold, damp air, which produced a chill. This was followed by a violent reaction, or rallying of the vital forces, which caused the blood to circulate so rapidly that the temperature of the body arose some degrees above the normal. The physician gave him drugs, which antagonized the vital ener-

gies of the system. The patient sank into a comatose state, and remained unconscious for some days, and then died. When we arrived we found quite a number of relatives and friends of the dying man, who were viewing the scene from the earth view-point, and were plunged in grief, and a still larger number of spirit friends, who were cheerfully awaiting to welcome the new-born spirit to the higher life. He was unconscious of the presence of his earthly friends, but he had begun to see with his spirit eyes and hear with his spirit ears for more than an hour before he left the body. He had ceased to feel physical pain, and the opening glimpses of scenes and people in the higher life filled his soul with wonder and joy. I was interested in the modus operandi of the new birth, hence I kept a close watch over the wonderful phenomenon that was occurring in this drama of apparent death, but of real birth. I observed that a light vapor arose from the body of the dying man, which, instead of being dissipated in the air, formed by gradual accretion into an etherial body of about the same dimensions and shape of his physical body. During this process the vital forces of the man

declined, the pulse beats grew more and more feeble, the breathing less frequent and lighter, until both ceased. For perhaps a minute after the heart and lungs had ceased to perform their functions the vapory emanations from the body continued. When they ceased to rise I observed that the etherial body had become a perfect counterpart of the physical body from which it had emanated. For a few minutes it remained suspended about a foot above it in a horizontal position, and was connected with it at the umbilicus by a slender cord.

"You have witnessed the birth of a spirit, and I observe that you have been deeply interested in the scene."

It was Dr. Rush who addressed me thus, but so absorbed had I been in the scene before me that I had not observed his presence till then.

"Yes, Doctor, I have been deeply interested and greatly instructed. I presume that you are one of the accouchers in this case."

"Yes, and you see that we spirit physicians do not meddle with Nature's operations, but let that great physician do her work, while we sustain the patient with cheering words that all will be well. The newly-born

infant is asleep now, but when the cord is severed, which it will be within a brief time, as you will observe that it is gradually growing attenuated, he will awake to conscious life."

As I watched it I could see the cord diminishing in size, and very soon it entirely disappeared. Then the newly-born spirit opened his eyes, assumed an upright position and looked about him. An expression of surprise came over his face, but it was mingled with one of radiant joy, as he recognized his beloved wife, who for many years he had mourned as dead, and who now greeted him with a kiss and said:

"My dear husband, I am glad that your days of mourning for me are ended, and that we are once more together, though we have never been separated, for I have been with you almost constantly since I passed out of my earthly body. But there are other dear ones to greet you and welcome you to this heavenly realm."

Till that moment the newly arisen man had not uttered a word. Wonder and joy had deprived him of speech, but as his wife attempted to step aside to allow others to greet him, he clasped her in his arms, and,

kissing her fondly, he poured out a flood of long pent up words of endearment. Then, releasing her from his embrace, but with her right hand clasped in his left, he extended his right hand towards his mother, who, not content with a simple hand clasp, threw her arms about him, and with a voice tremulous with emotion, said:

"My darling son, I have waited long and patiently for this glad day, when I could again fold my arms about you and assure you of my unfailing love."

Then other friends pressed forward in great numbers to greet and congratulate him.

The scene was one long to be remembered, but no words of mine could adequately describe it. The poet has truly said:

"There is no death; what seems so is but transition."

CHAPTER XII.

THE WONDERFUL AWAKENING.

As the clocks of earth struck twelve Doctor Franklin appeared and bade me a pleasant good morning. A few minutes later Pearl said:

"My dear Paul, your visit to the upper world draws to a close, and we will now accompany you to your chamber and see you safely restored to your physicial body, which has been in a cataleptic sleep since you left it, but which has been carefully cared for by wise spirit scientists."

I had resolved to accept my fate without a murmur, but I would much rather have let that piece of common clay return to its kindred dust, through the fires of the crematory than to again be imprisoned in it. After such freedom as I had enjoyed for ten days it seemed very hard to be again limited to the environments of a

fleshly body. I strove to be cheerful, but Pearl was not deceived. On returning to my chamber I found my mother and a number of other dear friends awaiting to bid me a loving adieu. Despite all efforts to the contrary, a funereal sadness pervaded the room, which deepened perceptibly as the time drew near when the farewells must be said.

When the clock struck three I clasped the hand of each member of the party in turn, but I could not utter those sweet sad words, "Good-bye." I purposely left my beloved mother, and my darling Pearl to the last. Folding those dear ones to my heart in a common embrace, I kissed them, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, I said:

"My darling ones, I will not say good-bye, for I know that we are not to be separated from each other. I shall still have your loving guardianship, and inspiring aid, and, besides, this seeming parting is but for a brief time only."

"Dear Paul" (it was Pearl who spoke), "we will not be separated at all, but you will know later what I mean." And she gave me one of her winsome smiles, in

which I read the unspoken words: "There is a glad surprise for you."

"What mean you, my Pearl?"

"Oh, you impatient boy; a secret revealed is no secret at all. Wait."

"Bless you, my beloved, I yield to your superior wisdom and await in patience, born of faith, hope and love, the revelation in store for me."

"Your faith will be duly rewarded, your hope blossom into fruition and your love be so richly returned that your soul shall be satisfied. Let this be the seal of my promise," and she kissed my forehead.

Dr. Franklin at that moment approached and asked me to be seated. I obeyed his request, when, taking a seat in front of me, he took my two hands in his and with a mild, but steady gaze, he looked me in the eye. I understood, and put myself into a state of passivity, Very soon I began to grow sleepy, the somnolent influence gradually deepened, my eye-lids closed and I lost consciousness.

After what seemed a natural sleep, I woke in a most natural manner. It was still dark, hence I concluded

that I had not slept very long, as it was 3 o'clock before I fell asleep. But what a wonderful dream I have had. At that moment a church clock struck 4. I marveled that I could have dreamed so much, and was so greatly refreshed when I could not have slept an hour.

My reverie was broken by a laugh as musical as silver bells.

"Was it *only* a dream, my dear Paul?"

I was awake surely, yet my dream was renewed, for there stood the central figure of it in *propria persona.*

"Do you remember the last words I said to you at the close of your dream?"

"Yes, perfectly. You said that we would not be separated at all, but you will know later what I mean."

"Your memory of dream promises is excellent," and again she laughed.

"The mystery deepens; please clear it up, if you can, my dear Pearl."

"Oh, I could hardly afford to explain the matter just yet, for I am enjoying the situation immensely, but I assure you that I will not let you remain in your present state of bewilderment very long. You shall have some

data to help you solve the problem which puzzles you. You think you have slept less than an hour, yet your dream covers the experience of many days, does it not?"

"Yes, I should say more than a week. Now I remember, it was ten days, according to my dream calendar."

"Do you remember the day of the week and month of the seance you attended the evening before you fell asleep and had that long dream?"

"Yes, very well; it was Thursday, July 15th."

"This, my dear Paul, is Monday, July 26th."

"Am I still dreaming, or is it a glorious reality that I have enjoyed the rare privilege of visiting you in the world celestial?"

"It is true, my beloved, that you have been absent from your physical body for ten days, and that you have actually been with me in the celestial world, and that together we have made an extended and most delightful journey through the third sphere, and brief visits to the second and first. You are now back in your earthly body, with renewed strength for the work which lies before you, and with your psychic powers so unfolded that during the remainder of your time on earth you will en-

joy the rare gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience, and also be in telepathic communication with me and other spirit friends at will. It is through your new endowments of spiritual sight and hearing that you now see and hear me. I will often visit you of evenings, and I am quite sure you will always welcome me."

"Welcome you! Aye, that I will. You cannot come too often, nor tarry too long, my darling, my sweetheart, my guardian angel."

"Yes, dear Paul, I am your little sweetheart, and my love for you is tender and true, but for the present I must bid you adieu. I will call again at 10 this evening. In the meantime you will resume your proper place among your earthly associates, who are wondering what has become of you. You need only say that you have been visiting some dear old friends out of town. It would not be wise to attempt to explain further."

Kissing me good-bye, my lovely visitor vanished.

It was now 6 o'clock, and after musing for a few minutes over my marvelous experiences, I arose, took a bath, dressed myself, and going to my favorite restaurant I ate a hearty breakfast. On looking at a morning paper

I found that Pearl was correct about the date; there in cold type I read Monday, July 26.

"Good morning, Paul, glad to see you back again. Where have you been for the past ten days?" This greeting was from a friend, and I answered him as Pearl had suggested.

"Hope you enjoyed your visit."

"Very much," I replied.

During the day I met many acquaintances and some close friends, you among them, and each one asked where I had been. There could be no doubt but that I had been absent from my accustomed haunts, but it was some hours before I could get my every-day wits about me sufficiently to answer to myself the question, "Where have I been?"

Just as the clock struck 10 that evening Pearl stood beside me. I did not see her enter my room, but there she stood. She greeted me with a kiss, which I did not feel, and a pleasant "Good evening, Paul," which I distinctly heard, and promptly responded to most joyously, but on my attempting to embrace her she eluded me, and, smiling archly, she said:

"I cannot permit such familiarity from a mortal."

"Why this coyness, my Pearl; has your love grown cold?"

"No, my dear Paul, that can never be; I only wished to save you from a disappointment. I am not a thing of flesh and blood. I am, as St. Paul said, being unclothed by flesh, am clothed upon by a celestial body, for there are, as he truly said, terrestial bodies and bodies celestial. You, my dear Paul, are now in your terrestial body, but I have arisen out of mine and wear only my celestial body. During the ten days you spent with me in the land in which I dwell, you wore your celestial body only, then you could embrace me, for then we were on the same vibratory plane. But we now occupy planes so different that your sense of touch cannot take cognizance of me, hence it could convey no impression to your mind. You could put your arms about my form but you could not feel it, and you would, therefore, experience a sense of disappointment. Be content, my dear, with seeing me and hearing my voice 'till your work on earth is done, and you arise out of your earthly

body and henceforth be forever with me in that celestial realm you were permitted to visit in advance."

I thanked the dear girl for her very lucid explanation of our present relations, and assured her that I regarded myself as the most blest of mortals in being permitted to enjoy her charming presence and delightful conversation from time to time, and often I sincerely hoped.

"Yes, I shall visit you quite often, and shall, I assure you, enjoy our evenings together as much as you can."

At the close of a most delightful hour, Pearl said:

"It is time for you to retire to your chamber and woo the gentle goddess of sleep, that you may be refreshed for the work of the morrow. I will call again at 10 to-morrow evening, so good night and pleasant dreams."

"Good night, and may God and the angels bless you."

I retired at once and slept 'till 7 the next morning, and not a dream did I remember to have had that night. I at once resumed work upon a novel I had planned, and begun to write, before my visit to the celestial world. I recast the plot so as to give the story much wider range of ideas and a loftier purpose. You and others have

pronounced it my best work of fiction. You now have the secret of my higher inspiration.

My dear mother came with Pearl on the next evening and a most charming visit we three had together.

My psychic powers are not active during the daylight hours, nor of evenings when at work, or when mingling with my fellow mortals, but when alone in my parlor, engaged in silent meditation, I send a telepathic invitation to Pearl or other spirit friends, it is promptly responded to. But no unbidden ghost obtrudes.

Pearl informs me that our poet friend is making good progress in her efforts to lift her husband to a higher plane, and that she expresses gratitude to me for the aid I gave her. He often refers to the talk he had with me in the missionary temple, and admits that my views of religion were the most rational he had ever heard expressed.

My story is ended for the present. It only remains for me to say that my life flows smoothly on and that I am very happy in my work, and in the assurance that, ere many years more, I shall become a permanent resident of the world I visited on that ever memorable occa-

sion, when, under far better conditions than I have found here, I shall go on with my work of teaching my less fortunate fellow men the true philosophy of life, which is simpy the philosophy of Love.

OUR PORTRAIT OF PEARL

The first edition of this book had an engraving of an unfinished painting of Pearl as a girl of thirteen. It was not satisfactory and I did not use it in the second and third editions. Both Pearl and myself were anxious to get a spirit picture of her as she appears now. After several failures with other mediums we succeeded through the mediumship of the Bangs sisters. By an appointment with Pearl made at a seance January 25th, 1905, my wife and I went to the home of those famous sisters on the following day and got a life size portrait in full colors which was painted from start to finish in forty-five minutes. A plain artist's canvas was placed in front of a window at three o'clock in the afternoon. The mediums sat one on each side of the canvas and placed a hand upon the edge of the stretcher, while my wife and I sat immediately in front and near enough to touch it. We watched with closest interest during the whole time the picture was being painted, and we *know* that no visible brush or pencil was used in the production of that wonderful portrait, which I recognize as a likeness of Pearl, whom I knew when she was a girl. The photo in this book is a perfect copy of that painting, lacking only the exquisite life-like colors. The painting hangs in our home where hundreds of the readers of the book have seen it; among them a few art critics who pronounce it, a work of art above criticism.

T. A. Bland.

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.

In presenting to the public the fourth edition of this book, it seems proper that some extracts be given from press reviews and letters, which will serve to show how it has been received by the literary critics and the people.

It is gratifying to the author that, so far as he is informed, no critic has reviewed this work in an unfriendly manner, though some of them decline to accept its revelations as real. An excellent sample of this sort of review is that of the Chicago Record-Herald. The literary critic of that brilliant journal, after giving his readers a fine analysis of the book, says: "The story is a pretty piece of idealistic fancy, which one involuntarily wishes might be true."

That distinguished medical professor and author, Dr. W. C. Cooper, in his journal, "The Medical Gleaner," after paying a high tribute to the author of the book, says: "Now as to the book itself; its burden holds a bright picture of the eternal dream that holds the world together.

"It is devoutly to be wished that everybody will read and believe this book; whether you can believe it or not, it will for the time lift you into enchanting realms."—Boston Ideas.

"'In the World Celestial' will win serious adherents to the study of spiritual science because of its dignifying treatment of spiritual phenomena, by its intelligent analysis of the action of cause and effect, and by its ability to render tangible and visible within the thought, the conditions of the worlds of finer vibrations. Hearty thanks are due to Dr. Bland for his admirable use of material committed to his care."

Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D. D., editor of the Universalist Leader, closes a review of this book in these words: "No theme is so sacred as that which touches the great spiritual world; no theme ever can command such eager interest by human hearts; and the dreams of to-day and those of yesterday will be read through the to-morrows until the great reality prove them dreams."

"This book is a story of a wonderful psychic experience. The writer is well known as a leader in medical teaching and reform. Whatever opinion one may have regarding the much discussed question of 'spirit return,' the book cannot be other than interesting. It is a beautiful story, skilfully told."—Health Culture, New York.

In a ten-page review in The Arena, Mr. B. O. Flenner says: "Three things make this book remarkable—its authorship, the astounding claims put forth by the writer, and the philosophy and revelations of a future life it embodies. The author, Dr. T. A. Bland, is one of the most honest, sincere, fearless and thoughtful men of our time, who for the past forty years has championed almost every just cause that has come before the public. His pen has wrought great good in the cause of human emancipation and progress. * * * Such is the man who has written this work. The chief interest is found in the ethical philosophy it embodies and in the definite revelation it unfolds of the state that awaits the soul."

Rev. M. J. Savage says: "It is intensely interesting, and gives a picture of the future life that one cannot help wishing may be true."

"It is a charming book, whether it is a dream or a reality."—Rev. I. K. Funk, author of "The Widow's Mite."

"The descriptions of the spirit world given in Dr. Bland's book are in substantial accord with those given by Father John Pierpont and other exalted spirits through my own mediumship. The book is interesting and instructive. I hope it may have a large sale.—Mary T. Longley, Secretary N. S. A.

"Whether the book be fiction or fact, it will interest students of occult phenomena. It is written in choice language and is interesting and edifying."—Human Faculty.

"I have read many books along occult lines, but none that I appreciate so highly as I do this."—Ex-Congressman O. M. Kern.

S0-FUG-277